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A World Society, by H. G. Wells

AUG 29

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. IV. No. 78 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1932 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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there is a grave warning against inflation and an expression of opinion about the narrow limits of what can be done by purely monetary methods. As a whole, the declaration points to no sort of common action by Empire countries, but to a postponement of any large decisions till the World Conference, which is to meet in a few months' time. But there are in the British declaration hints of a hankering after a return to the gold standard, though nothing is said explicitly upon this point. Certainly, there is no sign of a realisation of the need for an expansionist policy of public spending as a means of promoting the return to the higher price-level which the delegates profess to desire. The report is of very minor importance; but it is perhaps to the good that this is so, for it leaves fuller scope for the attempt to get international action in the future.

* * *

Only one thing has been settled in Germany since the election: Adolf Hitler is not to be Benito Mussolini. Whether he would have been so intransigent in his attitude if he had been left to himself is doubtful. But he was pushed hard by the extreme section of his followers, and he demanded of President von Hindenburg —and was curtly refused—not only the Chancellorship but absolute powers. Obviously Hitler has not the capacity of the Italian Duce. But a Nazi dictatorship could easily have made a worse mess in Germany than exists to-day, and it is well that his pretensions have been checked. What will happen next nobody knows. Hitler himself is taking a country holiday, and he has sent his Brown Shirts back to billets. The Nazi press, and one of its organs, the *Augriff*, in particular, is breathing fire and slaughter against the Papen Government, which it now regards as worse than the "Marxists," and the general impression is that the Nazis will take the line of uncompromising opposition. This, if the Government had anyone or anything to rely on, might not matter much, for the moment at least. But the hope of support, or passive toleration, from the Centre and the Socialists is a very slim one. The new Reichstag meets on August 30th, and it remains to be seen whether Herr von Papen and his friends will find some means of avoiding a parliamentary defeat or, if they are defeated, of carrying on and "damning the consequences."

* * *

The rising in Spain is now clearly seen to have been a piece of midsummer madness. General Sanjurjo, who bluffed his way into Seville, only looked dangerous for a few hours; his exit, his flight and his capture were all ignominious. He is now, with many hundreds of other conspirators or suspects, under lock and key in Madrid awaiting trial. The whole affair has been a decided setback for the monarchist cause, such as it is. Not merely the staunch Republicans, but many who had seemed indifferent, rallied against the insurrectionists, and some, unhappily, vented their feelings in rioting and destruction. In different parts of Andalusia, and in Seville particularly, mobs have wrecked or burned churches, convents, and other buildings; but the Government appear to have had no great difficulty in restoring the normal state of order. Some of their methods of repression have provoked protests from the extreme Left or the extreme Right. But they have dispensed rewards as well as punishments, and, generally speaking, Señor Azaña and his colleagues stand high in popular favour—considerably higher than they did a couple of weeks ago. General Sanjurjo's adventure has, in fact, done wonders in reuniting fissiparous Republicans.

* * *

It may well be thought that no head of a government anywhere in the world is in a more dubious position at this moment than the American President, who nevertheless contrived to insert a note of assurance, and even of arrogance, into his speech of acceptance as candidate of the Republican Party for the second time. Mr. Hoover declares that the United States was righting itself when blow after blow fell upon the American people last year. "The greatest economic emergency in all history" is the President's description of his country's plight, and he follows this up with a string of self-contradictory assertions and proposals. Thus, he says, it is certain that the war debts must not be cancelled or the burden of them transferred to the American people, but he holds out the hope that Washington would consider revision "if some other tangible form of compensation, such as the expansion of markets for American agriculture and labour," were offered. But that would obviously involve a drastic lowering of tariffs, and Mr. Hoover, in opposition to Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, reasserts that he is "squarely for a protective tariff." He recalls his disarmament offer to Geneva, for which he deserves credit, and repeats his estimate of a saving to the Powers of a clear billion dollars, but goes far to destroy his own case by demanding an army and navy great enough to guarantee that no foreign soldier shall ever land on American soil. As a matter of fact, however, we need not trouble much about the substance of Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech. Far more significant on the Republican side of the campaign will be Senator Borah's conversion on war debts and his speeches in the West.

* * *

The verdict of the assessors in the Meerut conspiracy case, which involves three Englishmen and twenty-eight Indians, brings us to the penultimate stage of a miserable affair from which the prestige of British justice has suffered severely. The facts of the case, together with the interminable record, are unprecedented. The trial for conspiracy began in June, 1929, and during the three intervening years the delays and postponements and the treatment of the prisoners in gaol have been made the subject of frequent protests and questions in Parliament. There were five assessors, and their findings are curiously different. Three of them find the majority of the accused guilty, with thirteen or fourteen not guilty. The Moslem assessor finds only seven not guilty, while the fifth assessor, a Hindu, found all guilty, more or less, but of the somewhat novel crime of "conspiring to deprive capitalists of power throughout the world." Of the three Englishmen Hutchinson is acquitted, while Spratt and Bradley are found guilty. Judgment, for some reason not yet explained, is not to be delivered before December 1st.

Most people, we imagine, were surprised when it was announced this week that £1,850,000,000 of Five per Cent. War Loan had been converted, and that the appli-

cations for repayment came to only £48,000,000. Not so long ago, it was supposed that as much as £250,000,000 might be applied for, and that some sort of bond issue might be made in order to provide the necessary funds. But now it seems clear that the £48,000,000 can be quite easily and cheaply borrowed in the ordinary short-term market. There remains instead a further £189,000,000, of which the fate is still undecided, in that it has not been converted or applied for in cash. Holders of this large sum have till the end of September to make up their minds, and some of them will, of course, apply for repayment rather than convert without the bonus offered to earlier applications. But it may be that a good deal of this remaining sum will be automatically converted; for conversion is automatic unless definite application for repayment is made. The next point of interest will be to observe the movements in the market value of the converted stock. This has fluctuated a good deal during the past week, largely on account of market developments in New York. But as we write it is again near parity; and there is no sign of any epidemic of selling despite the very large proportion of conversion that has taken place.

* * *

The weavers' lead for strike action has been followed by the other Trade Unions in the manufacturing section of the cotton industry, and on Tuesday the Master Cotton Spinners, by initiating a wage reduction movement, extended the crisis to the spinning section. A general stoppage is threatened for the end of the month. But while the Unions have decided to give notice of a strike, no one supposes they are eager for this if it can possibly be avoided; and the door has been deliberately left open for a resumption of negotiations. The strike, if it comes next week, will be called not directly on the question of wages, but on that of reinstatement for workers who struck against local wage reductions made in defiance of agreements. Even before the employers brought the old agreement to an end, a number of federated firms reduced wages in violation of it, and replaced workers who struck by blacklegs. The Unions contend as a matter of principle and honour that workers who lost their jobs in this way must be reinstated, and that no agreement on wages can be signed until this demand has been granted. The employers, however, will promise no more than reinstatement when and as vacancies occur—in other words, they refuse to discharge the blacklegs. When we remember how much employers have talked in the past about sanctity of agreements, it is not surprising that this demand should be pressed.

* * *

The report of the Road-Rail Conference on goods traffic—unanimous as it is—will provoke considerable discussion. The disparity in the costs of conveying goods by road and rail respectively has long been recognised as a major factor in the railroad companies' declining prosperity. At the same time, an unduly heavy burden is thrown upon the roads, which have become unpleasantly congested; while goods traffic inflicts damage upon them out of all proportion to the fiscal contribution that it makes. The conference, over which Sir Arthur Salter presided, has come to the conclusion that £60,000,000 of road costs should be made available from owners of mechanical transport, £23,500,000 of this total from the taxation of commercial goods vehicles. These recommendations imply sensational increases in the rates of taxation on certain classes of vehicles; steam vans, for example, should pay £132 where they now pay £25, and oil-burning vehicles £388 where at present they pay £60. One would have thought that in some of these cases, where the vehicles in question are still in the experimental stage, the effect of such drastic increases would be to check experimentation and keep up distributors' costs. The result of the report will presumably be an overhauling of the whole question of motor-car taxation. For the private motorist a smaller h.p. tax seems indicated, with an increase in the tax on petrol.

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Echoes of the great "manly chest" controversy are booming over the Channel, to remind us that Mr. A. P. Herbert's "town councillors" are not the only people who like flesh covered. Dr. Bracht, the acting dictator of Prussia, has issued a comprehensive ban against nakedness. In accordance with Christian principles, it is declared, he is determined to stop displays of nudity not only in theatres, cabarets and restaurants, but at bathing resorts. Honest sun-bathers, however, and presumably water-bathers, are to be allowed a reasonable amount of exposure, we gather, even if they are fat. But the French police at Choisy-le-Roi on the Seine have shown a less compromising spirit. They have rounded up a hundred and fifty sun-bathers from the shore, chased them in and out of the water, and hustled them, dry or dripping, into lorries and so to the lock-up, carrying their clothes in their hands. Some, it is said, escaped by swimming out to boats in midstream. But the police had the last laugh; instead of following these naughty desperadoes they took their clothes from the beach! Is there a moral in all this for Mr. Herbert, for the puritans and aesthetes who have crossed swords with him, or for the local authority of Little Sludgeton-on-Sea? And, if so, what is it?

* * *

The "sensation" of the week has been the "highway peril"—the holding-up of motorists by "armed highwaymen" at Guildford, near Reading, and in Savernake Forest. It is obvious that the motor car, with its possibilities of a quick "getaway," has greatly increased opportunities for crime, and the experiences of those who are confronted by "bandits," at night and on a lonely road, are certainly not to be envied. Yet we cannot help thinking that this new "peril" is in some degree inflated, and that the press would not have given it the same prominence in any month other than August. Exaggerated alarm has, perhaps, been induced in many breasts by these stories of terrors lurking in the dark; and hints that motorists will soon make a practice of carrying lethal weapons have paved a way to greater sensations in the future. These suggestions are to be deprecated—the more so because the dangers to which they have reference bear no sort of relationship to the real dangers of the road. Six thousand persons are killed in road accidents annually—slaughtered through causes which are largely preventible. Here is a public menace ten thousand times more deadly than that of the "modern highwaymen."

A NEW PLAN FOR INDIA

THE long-awaited decision of the Government on the Indian communal problem was issued on Wednesday. Seldom, we suppose, has a decree from Downing Street been hedged with so much apology, hesitation and appeal. Nobody pretends that the scheme is satisfactory, everyone expects it to be cursed with bell, book and candle in India. It is admittedly a compromise, and as with most compromises its defects are as patent as its qualities. But it ought to be remembered—in India as well as here—that the task of framing this decision was forced on the British Government by the failure of the Indians themselves to come to any agreement. And the plan proposed, awkward as it looks, does represent an honest attempt to solve the apparently insoluble. It does not touch the central legislature, but only the Provinces, and there it is definitive—that is to say, it is not to be the subject of any further haggling. But, as the Prime Minister declares in his covering note, if the communities in India can agree among themselves on any alternative plan, the Government will gladly substitute that for this in the Bill before it comes law. That is a perfectly fair challenge, though we fear it is a challenge to perform the impossible. Assuming then that the Government's plan holds the field, let us see what it offers of hope and fear.

The grand fault is in the basis itself. Ideally the representation of separate communities offends democratic doctrine—orthodox democratic doctrine at any rate. But in the present circumstances this is inevitable, the lambs and the lions in India will not lie down together, and a uniform system of joint electorates remains Utopian. Minority representation, therefore, is adopted, and not merely applied to the main contending sections—Moslems, Hindus and the Sikhs of the Punjab—but extended to make a round dozen of separate electorates. Some of these, such as the universities, the Anglo-Indians and the Indian Christians, will be very small, and will only be represented by a member or two in the legislature of this or that Province. Others—Labour, for instance, "Commerce, Industry, Mining and Planting," and the Depressed Classes, will be larger. In certain Provinces the allocation of seats gives a clear majority to either Hindus or Moslems over all the rest. In others, notably Bengal and the Punjab, it does not, and here the pessimists predict ceaseless struggles, deadlock and chaos. In Bengal, the Moslems get 119 seats out of a total of 250, but there are 11 European seats, and 19 occupied by representatives of Industry, Commerce, and Planting, of whom 14 will also be Europeans. You may subtract these twenty-five Europeans, and say that the Moslems have the majority which corresponds to their population in the Province. Or you may add them, as critics on the other side doubtless will, and envisage an "unholy alliance" to assure a Moslem domination—a domination, that is, of the highly civilised Bengali Hindus by an essentially backward community.

The Punjab is likely to be the worst storm centre. The Moslems there are to have 86 seats and the Hindus 43, out of a total of 175. The Sikhs will have 32 (as against 12 out of 94 in the present legislature). They demanded thirty per cent., as a recognised privileged minority, largely on historic and, in particular, military grounds. They have been in perpetual conflict with the Moslems, and have generally enjoyed the favour of the Government. But in recent years there has been much unrest among them, and the young Sikhs can no longer be counted as "loyal." They are subject to revolutionary influences, whereas the Moslems are pretty firmly rooted in conservatism. As regards the Hindus in the Punjab, they include the militant section of the Arya Samaj, and are fiercely anti-Moslem. The stage, therefore, is set for a drama of acute racial strife.

Two other outstanding features in the plan are the representation given to the Depressed Classes and to women. The Untouchables are a new factor in the political puzzle of India, and they may prove to be a highly disturbing factor. Through the influence of missions and mission-schools as well as of Government schools, they have risen very slowly in the social scale, and more rapidly since Gandhi's championship of them. But that championship has led to a special difficulty. He has had no support from the National Congress; the Untouchables are not admitted to the Congress, no attempt has been made to bring them in or to organise them under Congress leadership. And it was Mr. Gandhi who drove their delegates at the Round Table Conference in London to make common cause with the other minorities. But the danger, which he and others feared, that by getting special representation in the legislatures the Depressed Classes would be definitely cut off from the general Hindu body and thus condemned to perpetual inferiority, has been ingeniously avoided in the Government plan. They are to be part of the general Hindu electorate everywhere; but where they are in exceptional numbers they will have in addition, for the next twenty years, separate constituencies, and will elect in the aggregate some 70 members of their own. Thus, while not crystallised as a distinct minority, they will obtain the minority representation which is thought just and necessary. Needless to say, it will not be thought just or necessary by the great bulk of caste Hindus, and we shall expect to hear an outcry over this Machiavellian device. Those who hold no brief for caste prejudices will welcome it for what it is worth—smiling perhaps at the irony that the only plural votes are given to the Depressed Classes.

As regards the women, it is an anomaly, as Mr. MacDonald admits, that they should be treated as a separate community. But if the women's movement in India really "holds one of the keys of progress," and a substantial number of women is needed in the legislatures, they must be pushed in. The push is not, we are bound to say, a very big one; in the whole of the nine Provinces together (ten when Sind has been cut off from Bombay) there are to be 39 women members, 26 of them Hindus, ten Mohammedans, one Sikh, one Anglo-Indian and one Indian Christian. But presumably this was as far as it was safe to go, and strikes a balance between the hopes of the feminists and the objections of their opponents.

Whether all this mixture of boldness and artfulness will work, if and when it becomes part of the new con-

stitution, we can only wait and see. It would work, no doubt, if the leaders of all the Indian communities wished it to. But before that happy day arrives, there are other problems to be solved. The franchise must be settled, and the federal structure itself must be completed and must satisfy Indian opinion. And how, we ask again as we have many times asked in these columns, is Indian opinion to be satisfied on anything at all under a regime which packs the chiefs of its greatest section behind prison bars? A policy framed to deal with terrorism in Bengal has been extended all over the country to persons who, however annoying they may be to the authorities, are not apostles of the revolver and the bomb. Sir Samuel Hoare boasts that there is order in India; but it is not the sort of order which means goodwill or co-operation. The British Government may have made the best of their job in framing an electoral system for to-morrow. They are making the worst of the job of handling India to-day.

PROJECT OF A WORLD SOCIETY

(*A Footnote to an Address Recently Delivered at Oxford to the Liberal Summer School.*)

By H. G. WELLS

IN a recent address I made some pungent and irritating criticisms of existing Liberal political organisation and methods. I compared Liberalism to a feeble giant (world size) in conflict with a multitude of sturdy dwarfs (nationalist size). I said Liberalism needed a voice and a backbone in our modern world and suggested the reorganisation of a sort of Liberal Communist Party or a sort of Liberal Fascism. The spirit was to be liberal and creative, but a lesson in organisation had to be learnt from the vigour and effectiveness of these new developments. I said that the parliamentary stage of human affairs has been a very brief one and is now over.

A number of young men and women did find something very congenial to what was working in their own minds in this idea of an organisation which should begin with propaganda and politics and end as the *competent receiver* of social, economic and political controls. They came along to me and proposed a talk which I found very illuminating and helpful; their action imposed a certain wholesome definiteness of detail upon me, and it may be of some interest to make a note here of the outcome of that conversation. The main question in their minds was this, that granting the need of a constructive revolution in the economic, monetary and political controls of the world, and granting also their own wish to play a role in it, how were they to set about it?

I have hitherto left such projecting for someone else to do. For reasons obscure even to myself I shirked it, although it followed necessarily upon the thesis of the *Open Conspiracy* and its predecessors. I have little or no organising power and I am deficient in most of the qualities of a leader of men; but now I felt that having come so far in the way of foreshadowing a *competent receiver*, I was bound to do what I could to put my conception of a general plan of action before them in as concrete a form as possible. And it is the sketch of a possible revolutionary organisation I gave them in that Oxford conversation that I am now setting down here in a very slightly modified and amplified form.

The basic structure of such an organisation must be, I submitted, a series of local groups of between anything from six to two or three hundred members, each planned primarily as a society for self-education, research and propaganda. I laid great stress upon the educational element. It has been the weakness of most political movements of the past century that they did not insist upon mental homogeneity. They have traded upon whatever ideas were about. But there is a considerable body of new knowledge and new ideas which every member of a really efficient revolutionary organisation should possess. There should be a common vision of the world, a common conception of history and morals and political conditions, and a clear and definite idea of the common objective of the movement. So with that I start. At any cost in restraint upon immediate growth this mental common-stock must be attained. The ideas, the knowledge must be insisted upon. There must be some board or committee in relation to each group, competent to judge the qualification of candidates for full membership, and an associate of the movement should not be admitted to participation in its proceedings and work until that much proficiency is assured. People who understand only vaguely, or who have gaps of fundamental ignorance about the framework in which they live, are of no use to the movement we have in mind. They must have a broad knowledge of general history, some apprehension of the principles of biological science, and a clear knowledge of the working principles of the industrial, economic and financial life of mankind. The primary duty of our organisation, therefore, must be to see that that is so. At present only the Communist party troubles to establish such a basic general mentality, and a large part of its success in the world is indubitably due to the persistent teaching and training that still goes on. Most Labour Parties, on the contrary, meet to debate, but none meet to learn. The relative incoherence of Labour politics is largely owing to this neglect.

As a basis, then, of our projected revolution there must be these primary societies for a continuing educational work. Naturally the individual associations as they arise will have to be grouped into regions and countries and will need to elect some sort of central educational council to keep the teaching and study as uniform as possible throughout the entire world. There will have to be an extensive network for book distribution, for translations, for the revision of the syllabus of knowledge and such-like purposes. In some lands a large part of the actual teaching (of history, for example) may have been done already in the existing common schools available for the public, but for a time, until it can actually control the schools itself, the new movement will have to supplement extensively or even contradict, correct and replace, the misleading history, biology and economics, such as they are, of contemporary education. This persistent educational work must be the daily life of the general organisation; every member, every associate must engage and continue to engage in it. It will take the place of the ritual services and teaching of the militant religions that have controlled and guided the life of the community in the past. The movement will be better without people who will not bring in their minds to this extent. We do not want those who have neither the patience nor the humility to learn, to meddle with the affairs of the world.

Having thus assured a working uniformity of attitude throughout the revolutionary body, the next function of our movement is to give it the means of effective associated action. All its members may not be either willing, or able, or necessary, to do the aggressive and expanding work at which the movement aims. For many types of activity ordered co-operation and discipline are inevitable; and so I proposed a distinction between ordinary and militant members, and that it should be open to ordinary members to become militant members, or after due notice to resign their militancy. The militant members will be the acting section of the movement, and from them will be drawn all

its officials, directors and responsible workers. Such a distinction is already made in Russia between the Communist who is a member of the Party and the Communist who is not, and the Samurai in my *Modern Utopia* had the same in-and-out arrangement.

The militant members will all be drawn from the local societies; they will all be members of those societies, but it may be found advisable in practice to group them for action in a different fashion, and the general direction of their activities may well be quite different from that of the primary educational organisation.

Beyond these broad principles of organisation I will offer nothing about the form of the new movement. I will indulge in no speculations about the various "arms," the infantry, air forces, "shock troops" and so forth under which it may be found advisable to organise the militant members. I will turn rather to the general principles which the new movement will embody. There will have to be some sort of declaration of these, binding upon every member and associate, something after the fashion of the Basis of the Fabian Society. The exact drafting of such a basis is a task for the organising body, but I can conceive it as running in something like the following fashion. (I have deliberately sounded the modern note in what follows and avoided the rhetorical quality of such a primary document as, for example, the Communist Manifesto. And I leave the name of the organisation blank; it might be "The 1932 Society," "The New Radical Party," "The Communist Revision," "The Modern Socialist Party," "The Open Conspiracy," "The New World," "Civilisation," or endless other names. I call it here the X society.)

The X society exists for the discussion, study, research and propaganda of the sciences of social biology and for the effective application of their principles to the reorganisation and enlargement of human life.

It directs its energies to (i) the defence in every possible way of free speech and free publication, (ii) the enforcement of honest government and its protection from the legal or illegal pressure of individual and group interests, (iii) the maintenance of social order, the suppression of the traffic in and the carriage and use of private weapons, and (iv) the progressive socialisation of the collective economic affairs of mankind, as swiftly as competent administrative organisations can be evolved to take them over from their present chaotic direction by private, over-localised and quasi-public owners.

The X society recognises that in a progressive phase of humanity such as we live in to-day, in which the efficiency of production is steadily increasing, the former methods of distributing purchasing power through wages under a profit-seeking system is breaking down very rapidly, and that collective enterprise on a larger scale (the rebuilding of entire cities for example), and the replanning of the whole world, becomes the necessary form of human social activity. The X society recognises also that contemporary methods and conventions about money and credit have grown up in a planless fashion and need now to be revised, controlled and simplified, for the adequate restraint of the creditor, the proper stimulation of initiative, and the common welfare of mankind. But in both these matters, the development of collective enterprise and the rationalisation of money, progress is at present enormously impeded, and in some directions arrested, by the division of the control of human affairs among about six dozen sovereign governments, all acting independently of each other and often in immediate or prospective antagonism to each other. The X society declares itself to be in absolute opposition to the continued existence of separate sovereign governments in the world. It repudiates any but a provisional loyalty to all such governments. It directs its activities towards all practicable internationalisations that will lead at last to a Federal Cosmopolitan Supervision and Control by a special responsible body or bodies, of at least:

(*a*) Money and Credit—involving one world banking organisation and a world money.

(*b*) The world production of staples.

(*c*) Transport and population movements.

(*d*) Labour conditions (including naturally an entire suppression of slavery) and

(*e*) The manufacture and trade in weapons, a trade which it is now urgently necessary to take out of the region of private profit altogether.

And furthermore the X society will set itself to the maintenance by continual inquiry, advice, assistance and if necessary intervention of:

(*f*) A minimum standard of education everywhere.

(*g*) The universal accessibility of a necessary minimum of information about life and the world's affairs, and

(*h*) Such elementary social rights as the pursuit of happiness and free movement, protection from wanton imprisonment, from organised or unorganised violence, from robbery and unavoidable infection. In all such matters the ultimate control can now be and should be a world-wide affair.

The X society limits its activities only with the limits of its powers. It acknowledges no more than a conditional loyalty to any established government or authority. It repudiates the belief that majority decisions, whether embodied in parliamentary or such-like institutions or expressed by mass or mob action, are necessarily right, or necessarily to be respected. It seeks its ends irrespective of the numbers of its supporters. Governments must be judged and dealt with according to their respect for the broad ends of the X society. They are products of human association and so is the X society. There is no magic sacredness, no essential superiority, about governments. Governments which act according to the standards of the X society are to be supported and served, and those which do not do so are to be opposed with all the energy the society can bring to the task and in every possible way that the situation renders advisable. The support of honest government, and a strict regard for law and order which has been put in the forefront of the duties of the members of the X society, is subject to the condition that the acts of governments be themselves reasonable and legal and that the law respect the prior claims of the common welfare of humanity and the elementary rights of the individual. When it does not do so a government is just as much a criminal and outlaw as an outrageous gang or an outrageous individual. This denial to governments of any absolute rights is a fundamental article with the X society.

With that my proposed Basis concludes. That, to the best of my ability, is the sort of association, party, movement, creed, religion, devotion (call it what you will), which is needed at the present time to pull human affairs together. Anyone anywhere, subject to local tyrannies and obstacles, is free to begin to get together with other people upon such a basis. You can start the New World in any village. You can start it in a railway carriage or on a ship. There is no need to wait for "leaders." If men were meant to hang on to leaders and rulers they would have had hooks instead of brains at the top of them. The educational work and some elementary political activities can begin forthwith. Wherever there are two or three gathered together there is the New World begun. Efforts can then be made to get into touch with other similar and sympathetic beginnings. Large strong groups may attempt publications and the organisation of their feebler, more scattered brethren. In quite a brief time the union of X societies might become a formidable power throughout the entire world and the foundations of a liberal world order would be laid. The feeble giant would have found a backbone and would be finding a voice and willing hands at his disposal. He would begin to tackle the Sturdy Dwarfs with some hope of success.

GRAHAM WALLAS

GRAHAM WALLAS was, above all things, a very great teacher. He had the gift of inspiring all who came in contact with him with the sense that ideas really matter. His lecture room at the London School of Economics was an amazing sight. Half the nationalities of the world had their representatives there; and one had only to scan their faces to realise that what he said opened new and attractive horizons to them. And, even more than in the lecture room, his private counsel must have been the real beginning of many an important book. He had always something original to suggest. He always left you with a new and vivid sense that to think seriously was to fulfil a great social obligation. He never sought to impose himself in these talks. He made the young recruit feel that here was not the professor lecturing the disciple, but the fellow-hunter in the greatest game in the world.

Of his own books, two, at least, mark an epoch in their subject. The *Francis Place* (1898) was, with Mr. and Mrs. Webb's *History of Trade Unionism* (1894), the real beginning of the scientific study of English working-class history. All modern accounts of the movement for Parliamentary reform and of Chartism have taken their perspective from the foundations he dug; and the debt to his book owed by writers like Leslie Stephen, Mark Hovell, the Hammonds, has been amply acknowledged. The *Human Nature in Politics* (1908) wrought something like a revolution in the methodology of political discussion, both in England and in America. It was the first time that democracy had been discussed by a man amply acquainted with psychological research; its freshness, its humour, its almost uncanny power of realistic insight, gave a new and profound stimulus to scientific thinking. It is not too much to say that a good deal of the best recent work in this field, that, for instance, of Walter Lippmann, took its origin from Graham Wallas. His was essentially the kind of book that fertilises other men's minds.

Wallas was not, however, merely a teacher and a writer of books. He worked slowly, almost too slowly, perhaps; and he had that passion for perfection in his output which always tempted him to one more revision of the book in hand. He tried to make his books the expression of his very varied experience; and he knew, as few know, how difficult is the marriage of doctrine and practice. He had had long experience of the London School Board and the County Council. He had taken part in many an election. He was a valued member of the Royal Commission on the Civil Services, 1914, where his fertility in suggestion is clearly discernible in the Report. He had been chairman of the Academic Council of London University. He sought to bring all this experience on to a single plane to explain, if he could, what is implied in the difficult task of intellectual co-operation in the great society. The things he felt, so a friend could hardly but perceive, were almost too big and too complex to be reduced to the tidiness of a system. The result became an invaluable body of hints and suggestions which, for long years to come, will form the material of other men's books.

In politics he was a Socialist, and Webb and Shaw apart, he was probably the most influential, as he was certainly the most original, of the Fabian essayists. He stayed with the Fabians for twenty years; but the formal cause of the break, an acute difference upon the fiscal question on its imperial side, was probably more its occasion than its root. Wallas was not, by nature, the fighting party man. He could rarely be interested in tightness of doctrine, or symmetry of institutions. His genius was for dealing with persons and their relations. "Mr. and Mrs. Webb," Professor Zimmern once happily remarked, "are interested in town councils; Graham Wallas is interested in town councillors." That was a true insight into his very essence. It gave him his unique power of friendship with the most disparate persons; and it explains his lifelong inability to tread a narrow path.

But he was always a Socialist in the fundamental sense that he believed passionately in equality; and he always insisted that liberty has no meaning save in that context. It was his egalitarianism which made him look upon the Monarchy without enthusiasm, for he was keenly aware of the aristocratic leanings it creates in society. It was his love of equality which evoked his long labours for education. Ultimately, also, I think it was his love of equality which gave him those Rationalist contacts he cultivated particularly in his later years. He saw the Church of England as the citadel of social and spiritual privilege; and he resented profoundly its hostility to new ideas.

Where he felt keenly he fought with great courage. Academic freedom, not least in America, the cause of a free Italy, secular education, the reform of the law—to these he brought the service of his abounding energy. And as he never stopped thinking, so he never stopped learning; his last days, in his seventy-fifth year, were spent in the unwearied revision of a new book into which he was putting all his mind and soul. We had often talked of it together; and I never ceased to regard with admiration his anxiety to be informed of the latest work in his own field.

Many universities honoured him; and he took a simple and healthy pleasure in the sense that the significance of his work was recognised. But what, I think, pleased him most was that, even when he had ceased to play an active part in teaching, his colleagues made him amply aware that he was to regard himself as a permanent member of their body. That was because he had known supremely how to make the art of thought the way of friendship. That is why, great as was his work as teacher, important as was his contribution to thought, it is above all the loss of a friend whom we who loved him mourn.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

A LONDON DIARY

IT is curious, I think, that our protectionists, inside and outside Fleet Street, are quite blind to one of the lessons of Ottawa. They still sing us the praises of a tariff as the best weapon of commercial bargaining that a Government can have, yet *sotto voce* they bewail the difficulties which Mr. Bennett is having with his textile and other manufacturers. The truth is, of course, that nothing is more difficult for a Government to deal with than the vested interests built up behind the walls of a tariff. The protected vested interests may be completely opposed to the broader national economic interests, but, as the United States shows no less than Canada, the Government is bound hand and foot to them. Meanwhile, here at home, in small things and great, I already notice appearing another fruit of protection, that we have to pay higher prices for inferior articles. For some years now I have been accustomed to use an improved variety of pipe cleaner, thicker at one end than the other. Last week, when I went to my usual shop for a new supply, I was told that they were now unobtainable, being of foreign make. I had to take the inferior brand and pay more for it. Here is another instance. A large bookbinder told me that practically all the materials which he has to purchase for his trade have had their prices raised from 25 to 30 per cent. by English manufacturers since the introduction of the tariff. Our books in future will be bound in inferior materials at a higher price. One manufacturer admitted to him quite frankly that the only result would be that his firm would be able to pay a higher dividend.

* * *

Every year I notice in August the deterioration in the standard of motor car driving compared with other months. Some people say that they notice such a deterioration every

spring, when the new drivers of the year begin nervously or recklessly their motoring careers, but personally that is not my experience. There is sixty miles of road between London and the coast which I am continually driving over in fair weather and foul all the year round, and I get a very fair notion of the seasonal variations of motor traffic in the South of England. In my experience August is the month of bad drivers. They are, I imagine, holiday makers, some of whose experience is confined to this single month in the year. Their chief and most fatal defect is that they simply do not know, or they ignore, the ordinary rule of the road that since their side of the road is the left, the other side belongs by right to cars coming towards them. Last week in doing my sixty miles three times my road was taken from me in this way without any shadow of excuse and with no apology. In one case on a straight, open piece of road, I had to put on my brakes hard and stop dead in order to avoid a crash with a man who obviously did not know this rule. On the other hand, it remains true, I think, that the general standard of driving has markedly improved in recent years and that this accounts for the decrease in road accidents. I do not think that the common sense or the road sense of pedestrians, particularly on narrow country roads, has shown the same improvement—except perhaps in the case of fowls and dogs, which seem to me less panicky and reckless than they used to be.

* * *

I attended a meeting of a local Labour Party in the South of England the other day. It was, as such meetings usually are, small, and I cannot say how far it may be taken to be characteristic of this part of the country, but I was surprised by the unanimity and advancedness of the members' attitude. None of them were industrial workers; they were either of the professional class or farm workers, although perhaps one of them may have been a retired postman. We discussed the programme of the next Labour Party Conference with a view to deciding what in our opinion should be the attitude taken by our own delegate. Everyone was agreed that the Labour Party should come out strongly with a real Socialist programme. And it was significant, I think, that we were all in favour of the Party declaring that it would nationalise not only the Bank of England, but the joint stock banks. I was told that the divisional party take the same view and that it is characteristic of most places in the South of England.

* * *

Here is an example (from the *Times*) of the unconscious humour of a sub-editor:

> "The Conference, Mr. Baldwin concluded, would not set back, but set forward their recognition of each other's needs, and of the spiritual unity of a great commonwealth and the world, and help them to realise, if they did not do so already, that their life on earth was an opportunity to take part in the work of creation.
>
> Representatives of the British distilling interests are pressing for alleviation of the Canadian duties on imported whisky."

CRITIC.

THE FISHING INDUSTRY

IN October, 1929, a Sub-Committee of the Committee of Civil Research (since absorbed in the Economic Advisory Council) was appointed by the Prime Minister to inquire into the condition and prospects of the fishing industry and to recommend measures for its improvement. This Committee, of which Dr. Addison was Chairman until the resignation of the Labour Government, when he was succeeded by Professor W. R. Scott, has now issued its report.* It is an important document. In some 150 pages an excellent account is given of the organisation of the industry, from the actual catching of the fish to its preservation and marketing. A series of statistical appendices and a map showing the widely spread fishing grounds worked by the modern steam trawlers are valuable.

The fishing industry may be divided into three sections. There is the deep-sea fishery for "white fish," namely, fish which live on or near the sea bottom, such as cod, haddock, hake and the various flat fishes, which are caught by great trawls which sweep along the bottom of the sea, by Danish seine nets, or by long lines. Fish which always swim in mid-water or near the surface, of which the herring is far and away the most important, are caught in long drift nets which are buoyed at one side and weighted at the other, so that they hang vertically in the water; they collect in great shoals and come inshore to spawn, so that this section of the industry is always carried out near the home ports, unlike trawling which is now carried on from the coasts of Morocco to the Barents Sea, off the north of Russia. Finally, there remain the inshore fisheries carried on by numerous boats, many of them very small, from the many small fishing ports and villages scattered around our shores. All manner of fishing gear, trawls, drift nets, seines and lines are used, depending on the nature of the available fish. The inshore fishermen have to meet the heavy competition of the trawlers when they market their fish, but in regions where these are abundant they often make a fair livelihood out of crabs and lobsters or the various edible molluscs, notably oysters, mussels and cockles. Especially in Scotland, salmon, which are netted near the mouths of rivers, are caught in large numbers by inshore fishermen.

Nearly 60,000 men are directly employed in the fishing industry, in addition to the very many thousands concerned with the preparation, distribution and sale of fish. In 1930 a little over 14,000,000 cwt. of white fish of British taking with a value of nearly £15,000,000 was landed in this country. Of this the greatest portion came from the North Sea, Icelandic waters and the seas around Bear Island and Spitsbergen being second and third in importance. Although the amount of fish landed in 1928 was actually less than in 1910 the downward tendency was arrested in 1926, and between that year and 1930 there was a steady increase in the annual landings of fish, the result of the discovery of extensive new fishing grounds in the northern seas. But the demand for white fish, which hitherto had kept pace with the increased landings, began during the past year to decline with a consequent drop in prices. The trawling industry is now faced with the situation that it cannot market all the fish it is capable of obtaining. The construction of new trawlers has stopped and full advantage can no longer be taken of the new fishing grounds. At the same time the export trade to France is threatened by restrictions on imports, while that to South America (largely in the form of salt cod) is impeded by the financial difficulties of the buyers. It is not unnatural in these circumstances that the Committee should view with sympathy the outcry which has been raised by the industry against the growing landings of foreign-caught fish at British ports. These had a value in 1930 of over £3,000,000, four times the value of the imports in 1910. The Committee with one exception recommend that the Government should consider the question of restricting these imports. There is certainly something to be said for protection in the fishing industry which is capable of providing, with a few exceptions, of which plaice is the chief one, the demand for fish in this country. In no other industry is work done under such trying conditions. Fishing on the Arctic grounds in the winter is carried out in perpetual darkness, freezing cold, and over stormy seas, while every year the sea takes its toll of those who work upon it.

The Committee make a number of other important recommendations with regard to the trawling industry. They suggest certain amendments to the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894 which would protect the financial interests of the crews and provide them with better life-saving appli-

* Report of the Committee on the Fishing Industry. Economic Advisory Council. Stationery Office. 1932. 3s.

ances. The need for fuller information about the marketing of white fish is stressed, and the need for a systematic inquiry into the great potential market for dried and cured fish in Africa and the East. Attention is paid to Billingsgate Market, where both the conditions of sale and the accommodation of the market are criticised: at present, salesmen have the dual capacity of merchants, buying and selling on their own account, and of commission salesmen acting for the port wholesale merchants. The abuses which inevitably ensue could best be remedied by prohibiting commission salesmen from acting on their own account, as is done in the Paris markets. The only feasible remedy for the congestion in the market is by an extension which involves the purchase from the Office of Works of the site of the Customs House, and the Committee consider that assistance might be given by the Government.

The condition in the herring fishery is more serious. The increase in the consumption of white fish has largely been at the expense of herrings, while the great export trade of pre-war days has shrunk largely owing to the collapse of the Russian market. As a result the number of men employed on the herring drifters has shrunk from over 20,000 in 1914 to under 16,000, with a corresponding drop in the number of those engaged in the curing yards. The fleet, owing to lack of money to buy new vessels, is becoming old and inefficient, and the standard steam drifter might profitably be replaced by less expensive motor vessels, loans being given by the State to enable the fishermen to purchase these. Since the supply of herrings is greater than the demand, the Committee recommend the establishment of a Board representing the curers and exporters which should have power to regulate the period during which herrings should be pickled and impose penalties on those who contravene these regulations. They should also see to the advertisement abroad of pickled herrings, follow the trend of foreign markets and promote research. The expenses involved should be met by a levy on all registered producers. The importation of herrings into this country is small, and takes place chiefly when British herrings are scarce, but it is said that the Norwegian herrings imported in the spring make poor kippers and tend to spoil the market. The Committee do not, however, consider that there is a good case for restriction. Actually this country holds a commanding position in the herring fishery, both in numbers of fish and quality, and it ought to be possible to revive our former great export trade in the greatest of all food fishes.

The inshore fisheries, in which over 12,000 men are engaged, present greater difficulties owing to their lack of organisation and the innate conservatism of the local fishermen. "Nowhere else, except in agriculture, has the small producer survived so persistently." The Committee see most hope in the closer co-operation between the Ministry and the Fisheries Organisation Society, and they recommend that the by-laws which control the inshore fisheries in the various Sea Fisheries Districts created by the Sea Fisheries Regulation Act of 1888 should be revised. But they admit that little can be done until the inshore fisherman will abandon some of his individualism. Important recommendations are made with regard to the mussel and oyster fisheries. As a result of an excellent piece of research work carried out by the scientific staff of the Ministry of Fisheries, methods have been elaborated for the purification of these shellfish, so that animals taken from polluted beds can be marketed with perfect safety. It is suggested that local authorities should be empowered to erect the necessary cleansing tanks and also that all importation of such shellfish should be prohibited unless they have been suitably cleansed. At the present time the mussels which are imported from Holland are not infrequently condemned by the Inspectors of the Fishmongers' Company at Billingsgate.

Fish is the only food of which we can produce all we need, and it behoves us to see that the fishing industry and its magnificent personnel receive fair treatment. To this end the recommendations of the Committee will, if translated into legislation, undoubtedly assist.

C. M. Y.

Correspondence

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The new German Cabinet has had a bad press in this country. They are termed "Junkers," "Barons," "Militarists," "Reactionaries," "The Old Gang"; and even that high priest of fairness, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, in his last broadcast, compared them with the "Bourbons who had never learned." They are accused of plotting the overthrow of the Republic, the restoration of the Hohenzollerns and the re-establishment of pre-war "Prussian Militarism."

Is this criticism justified? Granted that Gen. von Schleicher is now the guiding spirit, no one can deny, after reading the original text of his recent broadcast to the nation, that he has statesmanlike qualities and is possessed of a ready conception of his country's difficulties and of her hopes for a better future. He is opposed to a military dictatorship and thinks that in Germany more than in some other countries a Government must have the support of the people. That the General has the complete confidence of President von Hindenburg should also recommend him to better appreciation. Germany is fortunate, indeed, in having the old Marshal for her pilot during these critical times. The presence at the helm of this steady, cool, supremely balanced leader is a guarantee of her progress along rational lines. Chancellor von Papen has spent much time abroad. He was for many years attaché to the German Embassy at Washington, hardly a milieu for the cultivation of "Junkerism." Besides, Herr von Papen is a "West-German," not a half-Slav "East Elbian," which is more than likely the true explanation of his urbanity. Then there is Baron von Neurath, a "baron" it is true, but one from Württemberg, the most democratic of all the German States (excepting, of course, the Free Cities), which received her constitution from her king as far back as 1819. The mellow political atmosphere of that pre-war model German kingdom did not develop dictators or autocrats. Such are the leading men in the present German Government.

What is the meaning of the advent to power of this Government of "democratic aristocrats"? What, especially, was the meaning of Dr. Brüning's resignation and the dismissal of the Socialist rulers of Prussia? Dr. Brüning, able negotiator that he was, had outlived his usefulness. He parried France's thrusts, but seems to have had no plan for Germany's material reinvigoration. Germany felt that this devout Catholic was too much of a "universalist" and not enough of a nationalist. His catholic convictions or prejudices did not find favour in a country that is predominantly Protestant. This same feeling, merited or not, of too much internationalism, cost the Socialist Prussian ministers their jobs. No doubt the trend of the Disarmament Conference hastened the eclipse of these men. German patriots, President von Hindenburg included, foresaw the Geneva fiasco, and they considered the time ripe to restore to their country that indispensable minimum of national safety which the Versailles treaty and subsequent French manipulations had denied to her. With complete propriety one may put the question: "If France, Great Britain, the United States, Italy, Poland and Japan are not ruled by Socialists or Clericals, why should Germany be?

What the critics of the present Government also lose sight of is the likelihood, if not certainty, that without them the Nazi victory in the recent Reichstag elections would have installed Herr Hitler into undisputed power, and that by taking the wind out of his sails they may have averted a civil war and actually saved the very Republic which they are accused of wishing to destroy.

The upshot of it all will be that Germany will cease to be the "playball of the European World," that the recently much attacked and disavowed theory of the "balance of power" will be restored to better favour and the unjustifiable, unbridled and unchecked ambitions of France and her satellites curbed. A stronger Germany will restore confidence in European peace, progress and stability.

Even if Herr Hitler should eventually join the Cabinet, which

appears by no means certain, there is no cause for alarm, as he will most assuredly be held in leash and shorn of a good deal of his agitating power.

A. O. T.

WHEAT GROWING IN BRITAIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Morrison—

(1) The average return of English wheat, four quarters to the acre, is the highest in the world.

(2) We can raise on suitable soil all or most of the bread we consume. Since when can't Wales raise wheat? In old times the Vale of Anglesea was known as Mam Cymro, the Mother of Wales, because her wheat alone sufficed the Principality. Wheat is grown freely in Montgomery to-day and elsewhere on big farms. It is not a smallholder's crop, and Wales is a smallholder's country.

(3) Cost of production in Britain can be brought down to world cost on selected land by mechanisation.

(4) Farmers get but a scanty living from live stock and its products, the combines, the middleman and the retailers take the most of the profits and will take more as output increases.

(5) "Root crops—the mainstay of live stock." These crops on a list of the thirty-six principal foods for stock prepared by the Rothamsted Institute came 33rd and 34th in order of value.

S. L. B.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Before charging me with "untruthfulness" we might at least see if we agree upon facts. I shall then be content to leave the inferences to others. There is only one "means test"—that defined in the Circular to which you refer and in the consolidated Poor Law of 1930, for both of which Mr. Greenwood was responsible. The utmost he is entitled to say—and this appears to be challenged by Lord Snowden—is that which he, in 1930, considered as good and just for unemployed railwaymen, agricultural labourers, domestic servants, and their relatives, he, in 1931, came to regard as grossly unjust to unemployed motormen, gasworkers, or weavers—a distinction wherein I cannot follow him. Nor apparently can you yourself. Had he been sincere he would have expunged the "test" from the Poor Law of 1930.

A. E. TERRETT.

127 St. James Road,
Battersea, S.W.17.

[We are not concerned with what Mr. Greenwood ought to have done. Our point was that he was not responsible for introducing the means test into the Unemployment Insurance system. Mrs. Terrett said: "The means test applied to the transitionals is the test as defined by Mr. Greenwood in his circular of 1930." How would anyone not fully acquainted with the facts interpret those words? The facts, which Mrs. Terrett omitted to state, are that the circular of 1930 was a Poor Law circular and had nothing whatever to do with transitional cases, that Mr. Greenwood was not a member of the Government which imposed this test on transitionals, and that he was strongly against its imposition on them. In view of these omissions, and of the sentence we have quoted, we are quite "content to leave the inferences to others."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It may come as a surprise to your correspondent Mrs. A. E. Terrett to learn that I have known cases where transitional payments have been refused wholly or in part by the P.A.C., and then Poor Law relief granted for the same period. I leave these absurdities to be explained by the supporters of that "National Government" which effects economy by setting up two big administrative departments of the State to perform one job.

I did not say that the means test was the main cause for the increase in pauperism. Such sweeping assertions I leave to my opponent.

Mrs. Terrett stated that the present increase of pauperism was largely due to the Anomalies Act. In my letter I denied that such could be the case, taking into account the types of claimants affected. In your correspondent's second letter she repeats her charge with the modifications that other main causes for the increase of pauperism were "the stiffening up initiated by the Labour Government of the decisions of the Referees, and greater poverty among the uninsured."

Possibly she may discover other *main* causes for use in her next letter. In the meantime let us deal with the ones already to hand.

Her authority for putting the blame of increased pauperism on the Anomalies Act appears to be the deputations from various areas to the Ministry. Well, the deputations if they knew their job, should be able to say which of the four classes of claimants had been pauperised by the Anomalies Act. I am sceptical; I should like details. The onus of proof lies with the correspondent who makes the statement. I know several individuals who are members of Public Assistance Committees, and while I have no desire of questioning their general intelligence, I do not think they know exactly where the Anomalies Act regulations end and the regulations governing the means test begin.

With reference to Mrs. Terrett's second *main cause*. It is certainly not true that the decisions of Courts of Referees were "stiffened up" during the time the Labour Government was in office. On the contrary the Courts of Referees were exceptionally lenient to claimants.

Mrs. Terrett's third main cause for the increase of pauperism is the great poverty of the uninsured.

That, I should say, is probably due to intensified depression of trade in general, caused by the foolish legislation of the so-called National Government.

(Mrs.) M. C. SCARTH.

Leeds.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Doubtless many of your readers may have seen the recent correspondence in the *Times* concerning crimes of violence, and some of them may have tried in vain to secure publication of letters protesting against the advocacy, by the late Governor of Parkhurst Prison and others, of the gallows and the "cat" as a cure for crime. They may like to follow the example of one of like mind, who responded to Colonel Hales' letter by sending £5 to the Howard League for Penal Reform.

CICELY H. CRAVEN,
The Howard League for Penal Reform. Hon. Secretary.
Parliament Mansions,
Orchard Street, S.W.1.

"VANDALISM" AT ST. ETHELBURGA'S

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his letter about "the shops" over the porch of St. Ethelburga's Mr. Douglas Goldring makes two errors. This Society and the London Survey Committee have been watching this case carefully. No part of this building is older than the nineteenth century except the porch itself, which is fifteenth century and unique in England. This Society has photos of the skeleton of the "shops" in proof of this, and I saw them myself when the work of demolition had begun. Such interest as they had was the interest connected with the London of Dickens, though I don't remember that he wrote of them.

On the whole I think the interest of old buildings is better served by the removal of the "shops" than by their retention, for the very interesting timber porch (or rather what is left of it) will now be seen by all, and the very pleasant masonry of the Church itself—coeval with the porch—can now be exposed to the street. I should add that the City of London has given the Society every facility to examine the "shops," etc., and has heard, and I think will act on, its advice. The porch belongs to the Church Authorities and they will have the final "say" as to its fate. I cannot believe that they will allow harm to come to it.

A. R. POWYS,
The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Secretary.
20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

THE TEN SENSES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your contributor "Autosome" is mistaken in saying that "the shorter actinic rays are more penetrating than what are, at present, light rays." Ultra-violet rays penetrate only to a fractional distance into the skin, they are stopped by particles

of dust, etc., in the urban atmosphere, by glass, and by thin sheets of metal. If this were not so, photographic plates would be unprotected by their covers and sun-bathing could be decently conducted in an overcoat, to the infinite disappointment of our beach-inspectors and Mr. A. P. Herbert's manly chest.

If the ultra-violet end of the spectrum were visible it would make little difference to us, apart from the greater range of rainbows, etc., and the fact that the method of photographing "invisible" bacteria elaborated by Mr. Barnard could be replaced by simply looking at them: the lower range of visibility having been increased.

"Autosome" is probably confusing infra-red with ultra-violet; for coins in the pocket would certainly give out a limited quantity of dark heat rays, and would thus be visible (if our red range were extended) much in the same way as we see a lady's legs through a diaphanous dress. Cats are supposed to "see in the dark" by having a greater sensitivity at the red end of the spectrum. Perhaps they see our money as heat-shadows on our general warmth-luminosity. But it seems about as rash an assertion as "Autosome's" statement that bats hear vibrations of less than sixteen per second as a "musical note." And in saying that "our own internal rhythms serve us as a clock" he surely overlooks the fact that beat cannot become time without the correlation of number. Otherwise children would have a "sense of time," which it is notorious they lack.

Frampton Cotterell, Glos. A. P. ROSSITER.

ART IN INDUSTRY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The decision of Messrs. Cadbury Bros. to spend £1,000 a year on art as applied to industry coincides with an exhibition at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, of works submitted in the ninth annual competition for industrial designs organised by the Royal Society of Arts. Of the 1,690 competitors this year 1,102 are students of schools of art in all parts of the country.

The failure of our manufacturers to realise the importance of the artist in the past has given our foreign competitors an opportunity to capture markets which should have been ours. The Government, particularly through Lord Gorell's Committee, has gone a long way to express its sense of the importance of a union between art and industry, but so far has done little of a practical kind.

The conduct of the competition has involved the Royal Society of Arts in the expenditure of several thousand pounds, and it is doubtful whether it can continue to shoulder the expenditure essential to keep it going. In the case of those interested, who do not feel justified in setting aside large sums as Messrs. Cadbury Bros. have done, they can obtain the full benefit of the Society's organisation by a comparatively modest subscription to its continuance.

The importance of this question of Art in Industry cannot be too strongly emphasised, and cases can be cited where sales have been largely increased by the discovery of new talent through the Society's competitions.

J. A. MILNE,
Chairman of Council
Royal Society of Arts.

Royal Society of Arts,
John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

CINEMA AND WIRELESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Since public attention has latterly been focused on the cinema, I should be glad to have the opportunity of putting forward a suggestion which I believe to be eminently practicable. The report of the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films makes it clear that, though there is a large body of persons interested in the cinema and anxious for its development on sound lines, the general public is not "film conscious" in the way that it must be if organisations such as the Film Institute or the Film University are to be living forces in the national life. If that "crystallisation of film-goers' taste" of which Mr. Lambert wrote in his recent article is to take place, it must do so through increased knowledge of the problems and the achievements of the cinema.

How is that knowledge to be gained? The immediate answer to this question lies not with the film-producer or the publicist but with the B.B.C. An affiliation between the cinema and the wireless would, I believe, solve those very difficulties of which so much has recently been said. Through its co-operation with the B.B.C., the cinema would gain that "better publicity" which has so far been denied it by the press and the average filmgoer be made aware of those higher standards of film production which the proposed Film Institute is intended to sponsor. A series of talks and discussions on such subjects as the making of films, the criteria by which films should be judged, etc., would lift the veil drawn over the cinema as an industry and clear the mists which hover about it as an art. At the present time what the public wants and what "authority" wants it to want are two widely divergent things. It surely lies in the power of the B.B.C. to effect the desired rapprochement?

I am not suggesting that the B.B.C. should criticise films as it once criticised novels. Nor am I suggesting that it should be a means of propaganda for the film trade. But there are people (several names readily come to mind) who are qualified to speak for the cinema and of the cinema without prejudice or panderism. It is they who are competent to lead public opinion and if given the opportunity they could render valuable service in fostering an intelligent attitude both among the film-goers and the film-makers. I have the honour to be, Sir,

10 Cleveland Terrace, W.2. H. DE COUDRAY.

BUCK IN STEEL TRAPS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Antelope, which has hitherto been considered a humane fur, has now had to be removed from the Fur Crusade White List of furs humanely killed.

I have received a report from a reliable source in South Africa, saying that the natives there are catching buck both in wire nooses and in steel traps, and that the plight of these animals so caught is desperate in the extreme.

I have informed the R.S.P.C.A., and also that powerful body, the Anti-Steel-Trap League of America, with whom I am working, of this fact, and I earnestly hope that antelope skins will be avoided in future.

Another 14,000 Fur Crusade leaflets with the White List of furs have been sent out by post in the last fortnight; but I must point out that the amount of propaganda which I am able to do is entirely dependent on the support I get from the public.

Wappenham House,
Towcester, Northants.

C. VAN DER BYL (Major),
Founder of the Fur Crusade.

Miscellany

TUAN JIM

HE was no water clerk, "racing under steam, sail or oars" against other water clerks, but a prosperous ship chandler, living in great comfort and prosperity above his "vast cavernlike shop, full of things that are eaten and drunk on board ship." It is true that he received his customers in his cool parlour—has he not often, spider-like, inveigled me to drink therein a glass of whisky with him?—whilst the warmth of his welcome certainly "melted the salt of a three months' passage out of a seaman's heart" but his name was Andrews, and, if he had been christened Jim, no one but his faraway godfathers and godmothers were aware of the fact, nor were the Malays in any jungle village given to adding the prefix "Tuan" (which being interpreted is "Lord") to his name. For the simple reason that he had never been farther inland than the suburbs of Singapore, nor had ever fled his memory down any bamboo filled forest, nor concealed his ample person in a hut. No—his life had been very undramatic and uneventful—ever since an inquiry had been held at Aden on a pilgrim ship bound for Jiddah which had arrived in rather peculiar circumstances.

The result of that inquiry was very much in Andrews' favour. The court complimented him highly on his presence of mind and on his courage and exemplary conduct under difficulties. But that was a long while ago: he was young then, and had subsequently seen much service in the Indian

Ocean. But he left the sea early—at forty-five or so, and bought half a ship chandler's business with his savings; when his old partner died he was left alone in his glory. He would often tell of that pilgrim ship—he told me all about it more than once—and one of his many hearers wrote "Lord Jim." If Andrews ever read that masterpiece he must have smiled; and perhaps, sighed a little—for who would not rather have jumped into the lifeboat and ruled in Patusan, than slept on in his bunk and sold "chain hooks for the cable" or "books of gold-leaf for the carvings of the stern" in Singapore?

He was fresh (or very nearly) from his Essex rectory when he signed on as first mate on board the Patna (that wasn't her real name but it has done well enough). She was an old, old ship that had travelled for many years carrying jute between Singapore and Dundee. Her owners were a syndicate of half-caste merchants, who had insured her very heavily from her earliest years. Every year they paid a vast deal of money for her, with never any dividend on her insurance. She never so much as ran aground in a fog, or lost a rudder in a high wind, or collided with a tug in a storm. She was damnably safe. Her log book was duller and more uneventful than Parson Woodforde's diary; she had known rough seas only to weather them in safety, had been afloat more years than anyone except the insurance company liked to count, and had remained everlastingly secure. But she *was* very antiquated, and at last the insurance people got sticky about her long, three-month journeys. So her owners changed her cargo and her port of call, and signed on a new crew (for the old lot couldn't bear the idea of remaining East all the year round, and didn't want to lug a lot of religious-minded natives around, instead of nice, clean jute). Andrews was glad to take the job—he had only been second before, and he still looked (and was) absurdly young and inexperienced. We have read of his "open bronzed forehead" and of "the white line under the roots of clustering fair hair," all of which was true enough. So the crew was made up to include him as first mate, and the eight hundred passengers came on board the ship as she lay at anchor in Singapore harbour. They were all very poor, these pilgrims; men, women, and children of all ages, and of nearly all colours; their clothes varied almost as widely as did their faces. Every shade of cotton and dirty silk seemed to be worn, topped by mushroom-like turbans, or by head veils in colours suggestive of every sort of toadstool. Many brought their own food, rice or fruit or cheeses, and carried gourds of fresh water. They slept all over everything—at night it was impossible to move without stumbling over a soiled heap of rags that resolved itself into a woman sleeping, or a bunch of children, or a whining man.

For the first week the journey was monotonous enough; the sea was like a kingfisher-blue mill pond, and day by day the sun blistered the decks, whilst strange fishes played around the ship. At night the moon waned steadily, from full circle to reversed crescent, quietly, and without haste. Until one night when "Jim" on the bridge was, we are told, "penetrated by the great certitude of unbounded safety and peace that could be read on the silent aspect of nature like the certitude of fostering love upon the placid tenderness of a mother's face." It was asking for trouble, of course, to feel so secure, and, sure enough, that very night, for some mysterious reason never ascertained, the whole ship rose a few inches, lifted herself bodily, and went over "something awash, say a water-logged wreck." She went over her jump "as easy as a snake crawling over a stick," then checked herself suddenly. Her engines stopped, and when "Jim" was sent forward to ascertain the damage, he found the forepeak already more than half-full of water, and a big hole in the waterline. The bulkhead, rotten with donkey's years of service, might give way any moment, and then, as the third engineer tersely put it, "the damn thing will go down under us like a lump of lead."

All of which is true, as regards the facts, but not true, as regards "Jim's" alias Andrews' relation to them. For he did not walk the bridge either penetrated by a great certitude or otherwise. Nor did he go forward to ascertain the damage. For the simple reason that, not being his watch, he was asleep in his bunk. He did not make his escape from the doomed ship by jumping into the hurriedly launched lifeboat, instead of George, the acting third engineer. On the contrary. The skipper, no friend of his, left him to sleep and to drown—in his bunk, as callously as he left the eight hundred pilgrims. After all, there were only seven lifeboats and eight hundred passengers, and Jim, alias Andrews, even if roused from his slumbers, could hardly be expected to perform a new miracle of loaves and fishes. It must have been George who jumped, after all, for they were five who rowed away across the still sea by the gibbous light of the setting moon, and Jim, alias Andrews, was woke about ten minutes later, by one of the two Malays at the wheel. The noise of the collision, and the greater cessation of noise as the engines stopped, had awakened him, but it was not yet time for his watch, so he turned over. When he arrived on deck it was too late to jump. The boat was gone, and it took some seconds for him to realise that it contained his Captain, Second Mate, and all the ship's three engineers. There was no storm, no squall; across the calm sea Andrews' flow of invective must have reached the little boat, and it is more than likely that they heard, perfectly. The lights of the ship did not suddenly disappear from sight as though engulfed by the hurricane; if they looked back, the five men in the boat could see Andrews and the two Malays standing on the bridge gazing after them.

When he saw the boat row on, out of sight and earshot, Andrews went down the engine room with his two Malays, found iron and wood, and shored up the bulkhead. It took until dawn, and then was an imperfectly done job, but the eight hundred slept on; trusting, if they awoke and missed the noise of the engines, to the omnipotent white men who do well all things connected with ships.

When the sun rose Andrews, with his two companions, went wearily up on deck and told the pilgrims around him what had happened, explaining that since eight hundred people could by no power, human or divine, be fitted into six lifeboats, their only chance of salvation was to wait quietly, hoping that a passing ship would rescue them before they sank. He had already run up the ensign, union down, at the main gaff; there was nothing more to do but wait. The two Malays translated his speech, and those who heard told those who had not heard, until all the eight hundred knew the peril wherein they lay. They did not stampede, nor rush the lifeboats, nor, in panic, did they attack Andrews and his two companions. The women wailed a little, gathering their children around them; the men looked out across the empty sea, and talked in mournful whispers. Then one or two, followed by two or three, followed by every man, woman and child on that ship, they went down to the hold, where their belongings were stacked. Andrews watched them go, almost unheeding, so tired was he; then he went up on to the bridge. He scanned the horizon for a ship in vain; when he looked downwards on to the deck he saw his passengers reappearing singly, or in twos and threes. Gone were their coloured head-veils, their bright cottons or gay silks—each now wore the simplest of white garments—a shroud. Everyone was in cerecloths; from the oldest gaffer to the smallest baby, all were uniformly clad. They had each one of them brought their grave clothes with them on this their pilgrimage, in case the felicity be theirs to perish on their journey; now that the moment had come to prepare for death, they would meet him simply, already ghostly and unafraid in the pale dawn, wearing their winding sheets. Gone loincloth and turban; to prepare for the sea-change they had cast off all distinctions of age, or colour, or sex. For five hours they waited in the scorching sunlight, for the ship to sink: for five hours Andrews looked

in vain for any one coming; on the horizon was only blue sea and blue sky and no ship's funnels. Not one of the eight hundred pilgrims attempted to escape: the authority of the one white man on the bridge and the fatality of the faith which, faced with dissolution, accepts it uncomplaining, were sufficient deterrents.

At noon Andrews saw a steamer and signalled her: she was a Blue Funnel Line passenger ship, bound for Australia. She put out a boat, and when she came up, her crew, after satisfying themselves there was no plague on board, clambered up on to the Patna, and were gratefully welcomed by Andrews. More men were signalled for, and by nightfall the damage was repaired, the engines were started, and Andrews was provided with five white officers from off the Blue Funnel steamer (which undertook to report the Patna safe at Singapore) and with their help Andrews took the Patna on to Aden.

Meanwhile the deserting crew in the Patna's lifeboat had been picked up by a Marseilles-bound ship and deposited at Aden, where they reported the Patna sunk with all passengers, the native sailors and one white officer: they wired the ship's owners (who lost no time in informing the insurance company) and themselves returned to Singapore as passengers, eager to sign off, to draw their wages, and to receive what compensation for their adventures they could extract from the ship's owners.

The sensation in Aden when the Patna arrived can well be imagined, and the crowded inquiry has been magnificently described by Conrad. The pilgrims went on in another ship to Jiddah, and Andrews, besides many compliments, was offered a first-rate job by the Blue Funnel Line Company, which he joyfully accepted.

This is the true history of Tuan Jim, as told me by himself.

PETRONELLA ELPHINSTONE.

TIME

SITTING on an iron seat fixed about the body of a great chestnut-tree breaking into pink-flushed blossom, two old men gazed dumbly at the sunlit emptiness of a town square.

The morning sun burned in a sky of marvellous blue serenity, making the drooping leaves of the tree most brilliant and the pale blossoms expand to fullest beauty. The eyes of the old men were also blue, but the brilliance of the summer sky made a mockery of their dim and somnolent light. Their thin white hair and drooping skin, their faltering lips and rusted clothes, the huddled bones of their bodies had come to winter. Their hands tottered, their lips were wet and dribbling, and they stared with a kind of earnest vacancy, seeing the world as a stillness of amber mist. They were perpetually silent, for the deafness of one made speech a ghastly effort of shouting and misinterpretation. With their worn sticks between their knees and their worn hands knotted over their sticks they sat as though time had ceased to exist for them.

Nevertheless, every movement across the square was an event. Their eyes missed nothing that came within sight. It was as if the passing of every vehicle held for them the possibility of catastrophe: the appearance of a strange face was a revolution; the apparitions of young ladies in light summer dresses gliding on legs of shell-pink silk had on them something of the effect of goddesses on the minds of young heroes. There were, sometimes, subtle changes of light in their eyes.

When across the square they observed an approaching figure they watched it with a new intensity, exchanging also, for the first time, a glance with one another. For the first time also they spoke.

"Duke, ain't it?" said one.

"Looks like Duke," the other said. "But I can't see that far."

Leaning forward on their sticks they watched the approach of this figure with intent expectancy. He, too, was old. Beside him indeed it was as though they were adolescent. He was patriarchal. He resembled a biblical prophet, bearded and white and immemorial. He was timeless.

But though he looked like a patriarch he came across the square with the haste of a man in a walking race. He moved with a nimbleness and airiness that were miraculous. Seeing the old men on the seat he waved his stick with an amazing gaiety at them. It was like the brandishing of a youthful sword. Ten yards away he bellowed their names lustily in greeting.

"Well, Reuben boy! Well, Shepherd!"

They mumbled sombrely in reply. He shouted stentoriously about the weather, wagging his white beard strongly. They shifted stiffly along the seat and he sat down. A look of secret relief came over their dim faces, for he had towered above them like a statue in silver and bronze.

"Thought maybe you warn't coming," mumbled Reuben.

"Ah! been for a sharp walk!" he half shouted. "Been for a sharp walk!"

They had not the courage to ask where he had walked, but in his clear, brisk voice he told them, and deducing that he could not have travelled less than six or seven miles they sat in gloomy silence, as though shamed. With relief they saw him fumble in his pockets and bring out a bag of peppermints, black-and-white balls sticky and strong from the heat of his strenuous body, and having one by one popped peppermints into their mouths they sucked for a long time with toothless and dumb solemnity, contemplating the sunshine.

As they sucked the two old men waited for Duke to speak, and they waited like men awaiting an oracle, since he was, in their eyes, a masterpiece of a man. Long ago, when they had been napkinned and at the breast, he had been a man with a beard, and before they had reached their youth he had passed into a lusty maturity. All their lives they had felt infantile beside him.

Now, in old age, he persisted in shaming them by the lustiness of his achievements and his vitality. He had the secret of a devilish, perpetual youth. To them the world across the square was veiled in sunny mistiness, but Duke could detect the swiftness of a rabbit on a hillside a mile away. They heard the sounds of the world as though through a stone wall, but he could hear the crisp bark of a fox in another parish. They were condemned to an existence of memory because they could not read, but Duke devoured the papers. He had an infinite knowledge of the world and the freshest affairs of men. He brought them, every morning, news of earthquakes in Peru, of wars in China, of assassinations in Spain, of scandals among the clergy. He understood the obscurest movements of politicians and explained to them the newest laws of the land. They listened to him with the devoutness of worshippers listening to a preacher, regarding him with awe and believing in him with humble astonishment. There were times when he lied to them blatantly. They never suspected.

As they sat there, blissfully sucking, the shadow of the chestnut-tree began to shorten, its westward edge creeping up, like a tide, towards their feet. Beyond the shadow the sun continued to blaze with unbroken brilliance on the white square. Swallowing the last smooth grain of peppermint Reuben wondered aloud what time it could be.

"Time?" said Duke. He spoke ominously. "Time?" he repeated.

They watched his hand solemnly uplift itself and vanish into his breast. They had no watches. Duke alone could tell them the passage of time while appearing to mock at it himself. Very slowly he drew out an immense watch, held it out at length on its silver chain, and regarded it steadfastly.

They regarded it also, at first with humble solemnity and then with quiet astonishment. They leaned forward in order to stare at it. Their eyes were filled with a great light of unbelief. The watch had stopped.

The three old men continued to stare at the watch in silence. The stopping of this watch was like the stopping of some perfect automaton. It resembled almost the stopping of time itself. Duke shook the watch urgently. The hands moved onward for a second or two from half-past three and then were dead again. He lifted it to his ear and listened. It was silent.

For a moment or two longer the old man sat in lugubrious contemplation. The watch, like Duke, was a masterpiece, incredibly ancient, older even than Duke himself. They did not know how often he had boasted to them of its age and efficiency, its beauty and pricelessness. They remembered that it had once belonged to his father, that he had been offered incredible sums for it, that it had never stopped since Waterloo.

Finally Duke spoke. He spoke with the mysterious air of a man about to unravel a mystery.

"Know what 'tis?" he said.

They could only shake their heads and stare with the blankness of ignorance and curiosity. They could not know.

Duke made an ominous gesture, almost a flourish, with the hand that held the watch.

"It's the 'lectric."

They stared at him with dim-eyed amazement.

"It's the 'lectric," he repeated. "The 'lectric in me body."

Shepherd was deaf. "Eh?" he said.

"The 'lectric," said Duke significantly, in a louder voice.

"'Lectric?"

They did not understand and they waited.

The oracle spoke at last, repeating with one hand the ominous gesture that was like a flourish.

"It stopped yesterday. Stopped in the middle of me dinner," he said. He was briefly silent. "Never stopped as long as I can remember. Never. And then stopped like that, all of a sudden, just at pudden-time. Couldn't understand it. Couldn't understand it for the life of me."

"Take it to the watch-maker's?" Reuben said.

"I did," he said. "Damn, this watch is older 'n me, I said, and it's never stopped as long as I can remember. So he squinted at it and poked it and that's what he said."

"What?"

"It's the 'lectric, he says, that's what it is. It's the 'lectric—the 'lectric in your body. That's what he said. The 'lectric."

"'Lectric light?"

"That's what he said. 'Lectric. 'You're full o' 'lectric,' he says. 'You go home and leave your watch on the shelf and it'll go again.' So I did."

The eyes of the old men seemed to signal intense questions. There was an ominous silence. Finally, with the watch still in his hand, Duke made an immense flourish, a gesture of serene triumph.

"And damn, it went!" he said. "It went!"

The old men murmured in wonder.

"It went all right. Right as a cricket! Beautiful!"

The eyes of the old men flickered with fresh amazement. The fickleness of the watch was beyond the weakness of their ancient comprehension. They groped for understanding as they might have searched with their dim eyes for a balloon far up in the sky. Staring and murmuring they could only pretend to understand.

"Solid truth," said Duke. "Goes on the shelf but it won't go on me. It's the 'lectric."

"That's what licks me," said Reuben, "the 'lectric."

"It's me body," urged Duke. "It's full of it."

"'Lectric light?"

"Full of it. Alive with it."

He spoke like a man who had won a prize. Bursting with glory, he feigned humility. His white beard wagged lustily with pride, but the hand still bearing the watch seemed to droop with modesty.

"It's the 'lectric," he boasted softly.

They accepted the words in silence. It was as though they began to understand at last the lustiness of Duke's life, the nimbleness of his mind, the amazing youthfulness of his patriarchal limbs.

The shadow of the chestnut-tree had dwindled to a small dark circle about their seat. The rays of the sun were brilliantly perpendicular. On the chestnut-tree itself the countless candelabra of blossoms were a pure blaze of white and rose. A clock began to chime for noon.

Duke, at that moment, looked at his watch, still lying in his hand.

He started with instant guilt. Miraculously the hands had moved to four o'clock and in the stillness of the summer air he could heard the tick of wheels.

With hasty gesture of resignation he dropped the watch into his pocket again. He looked quickly at the old men, but they were sunk in sombre meditation. They had not seen or heard.

Abruptly he rose. "That's what it is," he said. "The 'lectric." He made a last gesture as though to indicate that he was the victim of some divine manifestation. "The 'lectric," he said.

He retreated nimbly across the square in the hot sunshine and the old men sat staring after him with the innocence of solemn wonder. His limbs moved with the haste of a clockwork doll and he vanished with incredible swiftness from sight.

The sun had crept beyond the zenith and the feet of the old men were bathed in sunshine. H. E. BATES.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Orders are Orders

LIGHTHEARTEDNESS does not entirely compensate for a decided tenuity of wit in *Orders are Orders*, the new army-life comedy at the Shaftesbury. Admittedly, invention has only a restricted range in the narrow world of nice people and simple-hearted gargoyles in which Mr. Ian Hay customarily walks, and he has exploited the clash between service-discipline and intrusive femininity already to a dangerously complete extent. There is no harm in writing this kind of thing to a formula—when it is a good formula—provided that you can keep your audience consistently surprised and happy in your minor variations. But *Orders are Orders* with its gentle schoolboy humours has no surprises, and nothing very quotable in dialogue. Accordingly, the affairs of the amorous Adjutant, the irascible Colonel, the two film-beauties and Mr. Waggermeyer the American prodoocer are conducted pleasantly, but without the "snap" required. Particularly disappointing is the thinness of Miss Olive Blakeney's part. Half a dozen jests, presented with her immensely vital assurance, are sufficient to "make" an average theatrical evening; but this time she has to be content with far less than even that number. Mr. Clive Currie is no less funny than of old as the Colonel, and Mr. Basil Foster no less charming as the Adjutant. But it is to be doubted whether either character is sufficiently interesting to survive many more reincarnations. Mr. Anthony Armstrong, who collaborates with Mr. Ian Hay, is possibly responsible for the *leit-motif* of a rat who is slowly snared in the red tape of army regulations. This was too good an idea to be treated so casually, as was also Mr. Waggermeyer's attempt to square the British army with American gold for the sake of art.

Things to see and hear in the coming week—

Promenade Concert, nightly, Queen's Hall, 8.

Sunday, August 21st—

Revival of "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" and "An Italian Straw Hat," Academy Cinema.

Monday, August 22nd—

Stella Benson on "An Ignoramus in Macao," B.B.C., 10.

Revival of "Kameradschaft," Cinema House.

"Loyalties," Garrick.

Tuesday, August 23rd—

"To-morrow will be Friday," Haymarket.

Wednesday, August 24th—

"Paris in London," Comedy.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Scott centenary, within four weeks, will be upon us. Already the Waverleys are getting busy with their pens. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, on August 31st, will publish a *Pageant* in which the best passages from Scott's novels will bloom in a cheap anthology selected by Mr. Hugh Walpole. The anthologist himself will write an introduction to this compendium, which will be divided into sections entitled "The Merrie Business of Writing Immortal Novels," "The Human Comedy," "High Jinks," "Out in the 'Forty Five," "The Old Order Changeth," and so on. It should prove a popular volume. And cheap at the price. Meanwhile, as a foretaste to such a banquet, Mr. Walpole has enabled Mr. Wilfrid Partington to produce a further selection from Scott's Letter Books. It is entitled *Sir Walter's Post Bag*, and it includes those letters which were omitted from the earlier volume, *The Private Letter Books of Sir Walter Scott*. It is published by the house of Murray for the price of 16s. Here again Mr. Walpole has added a foreword, neat and tasty. This is all to the good. It is to Mr. Walpole's spry generosity that we owe the rescue of these letter books from the maw of the United States. It is understood that Mr. Walpole intends to bequeath this his acquisition to the National Library of Scotland. In this, as in so many things, he is a public benefactor. For the letters are of surpassing interest and value.

* * *

There are points about Sir Walter Scott on which, and especially after reading Mr. Donald Carswell's splendid book, I have my doubts. There are other points on which I have no doubts whatsoever. I cannot but feel that Sir Walter was a trifle tricky over the Ballantyne business, and I am certain that he was a snob. I like snobs myself, so long as they are not rude to their dependants. Scott was kind to his dependants. He was the nicer sort of snob: the civil sort. And he had other qualities which I admire. He was sympathetic to the failings of others. He was loyal to a degree. He was modest, humorous and wise. No enlightened person could read his journals without experiencing a warm glow of affection for this sly and rugged man. Much as I dislike his writings, I venerate the man himself. And I therefore welcome warmly the copious, the skilful, the scholarly selection of his correspondence which Mr. Partington has again given us, and which Messrs. Murray have again published in a sensible and illustrative form. Here, indeed, is a book to encourage us. A book which, although indirectly, displays a weak character galvanised into strength, a self-indulgent and indeed ostentatious temperament galvanised by adversity into a really noble gesture of self-immolation. In the crash of 1825 the vanities of Walter Scott became as snow upon the desert's face. His pride emerges as a rock. He is a fine example.

* * *

Mr. Partington has had a difficult task. He has fulfilled it with much urbanity. Illegible, inchoate as was his material, he has edited it with but few errors, and has fused it into a certain whole without our becoming unduly aware of the pantings of such exertion. There are moments, it is true, when the showmanship of Mr. Partington does become a trifle breathless. Yet it is a gay and pleasant breathlessness: as of the *compère* at some suburban review. Mr. Partington has cause to congratulate himself on his achievement. He has given a certain cohesion to his incohesive elements. He provides sufficient notes to confirm our understanding, while never for one instant glorying in his own research. The "Record of correspondents" which he prints as an appendix is in truth an illuminating feat of industry. I have nothing but gratitude to Mr. Walpole and Mr. Partington for this entrancing book.

* * *

It may be unfair to judge a man by the letters he receives. Walter Scott emerges supreme from this inequitable test. Day after day the heavy mail bags would be dumped at Abbotsford, costing the recipient some £150 a year in postal fees. Even in these days, when stamps are purchased by the young lady who sends one her poems, we are apt to feel angered at such undesired compliments. Had we ourselves to defray the cost of these bulky envelopes, our temper would indeed be frayed. Yet Scott was always kindly and recipient in such matters, treating the importunate with amazing friendliness. And by the thirteenth letter book, when his fame stretched like heaven above his living head, Sir Walter's postbag became a thing of terror. "Its bores," as Mr. Partington aptly remarks, "became more boring: its beggars more brazen: its toadies toadier." Mrs. Mary Ann Hughes—"good bothering Mrs. Hughes"—bothers incessantly: Mr. Terry solicits and tempts: the insufferable John Leyden dies a welcome death: and the Swan of Lichfield ("our poor Seward who was vindictive in a furious and deplorable degree") sends him comminations which even after 120 years force us to writhe in sympathy. Yet how varied is this correspondence! There is Mr. Alexandre Ismailoff, Vice-Governor of Archangel, there is Count G. Itterburg (for the Prince Royal of Sweden). There are Countess Purgstall, a homesick woman, and the egoistic Ettrick shepherd, and Thomas Campbell asking for a loan, and Warren Hastings suggesting an epic on Nelson, and Morritt, and Canning, and the Duchess of Wellington feeling matrimonial, and the excellent Lady Luisa Stuart, and Thomas Bowdler, and Benjamin Haydon, and Lord Bathurst explaining why he refused to recall Hudson Lowe from St. Helena, and Mary Shelley, oleaginous as ever, and Thomas Carlyle dignified, admiring and repulsed. Joanna Baillie tries to intervene on behalf of Lady Byron; Lord Montagu is worried about the young Duke of Buccleuch; Mr. Morritt writes a very scathing analysis of our existing public schools; Mrs. Hughes sends an entertaining account of the Ladies of Llangollen; and Lady Jane Stuart, thirty-one years after she had rejected him as her son-in-law, reopens relations in a manner which convinces Scott that the old "Crack in his heart" is still a living cicatrix. Then there are jolly letters from his son Walter, friendly letters from his daughter-in-law, and letters from Lockhart, which do not leave a pleasant taste in the mouth. Mr. Partington has so obvious a dislike of Lockhart that his selection may have been a shade prejudiced. Yet our second-greatest biographer does not, it must be owned, come well out of this selection. Clearly a gifted, handsome, but repellent man.

* * *

Yet what, after all, do we learn from these letter-bags of the character of Walter Scott? It is clear, in the first place, that serious people trusted him with their most intimate confidences. It is clear also that men and women of distinction realised that behind his vanity there existed a core of dignity, pride, and excellent sense. It is clear that this "darling of the public" could flout the public whenever, as in the Byron scandal, loyalty was involved. It is clear also that he was politely bored by the adulation offered. M. Charles Nodier, no inconsiderable figure, sent him some adulatory verses. Scott docketed this effusion as follows:—"French eloge. Moonshine in water. Three blue beans in a blue bladder." Contrast this sort of sense with the hysterical complacency of a Victor Hugo. There is no comparison. Scott, as a character, emerges at his centenary virile and supreme.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

MR. QUENNELL IN THE FAR EAST

A Superficial Journey through Tokyo and Peking. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

Henry James, discoursing to a youth about to visit Paris for the first time, lifted a cautionary finger. "You must not," he said, "be misled—I was going to say by the superficial aspect, but I should rather say the superficial aspect *of* the superficial aspect." Mr. Quennell calls his book of impressions of the Far East *A Superficial Journey*; but the reader of his pages soon realises that superficiality, pursued as an aim, is as difficult to achieve as to avoid. The author wishes his book to be regarded "as a kind of travel film, a sequence in which image suggests image." But how difficult it is for a sensitive, critical mind to keep entirely to the surface of things! Consciously or unconsciously, it must always be passing judgment. The book is full of criticism of Japan and China, some of it shrewd and suggestive, but coloured, especially as regards Japan, by a profound, if half-suppressed, antipathy.

Mr. Quennell spent a year in Japan, diversified by two holidays in China. He went to teach in one of Tokyo's universities. He disliked teaching. Leaving Japan, he says: "A whole year was finished and put aside; it seemed to occupy very little room." At least it has prompted a book of admirable and distinguished prose; yet one can't help wishing that Mr. Quennell had got a little more enjoyment out of it than he did. A little shifting in the angle of approach, a congenial friendship, perhaps—but let us take Mr. Quennell's impressions and reactions for what they are. They are perfectly candid, and interesting because of their candour. Tokyo is not, externally, an attractive city; yet he found some charm in the Japanese house he occupied; in "the perfume of sweet aromatic woods, sawn and polished when the little house was raised," and the mats, golden with use and time, upon the floors. "Everything that takes place upon the mats seems to draw from them a subdued overtone, an added suavity, which gives the servant presenting his accounts the air of a Minister and surrounds an aimless call with the importance of a State visit." But it was just this ceremoniousness, inseparable from Japanese life, which came to fret Mr. Quennell's nerves till he seemed to be in an airless prison. Even more than the undigested modernism of Japanese youth, and the ugly imitations of the West in the streets, the old Japan, or what survives of it, provoked a deepening aversion, so that with all his appreciation of it there is mingled a craving for something different. "Beautifully, sometimes irritatingly, true to type"; "rather irritating good taste"; "manners uncomfortably perfect"; "discretion so consummate that it offends"; phrases like these become more and more frequent. "Japan has a cumulative effect. Either the sufferer sinks into a deep lethargy . . . or the drug, as it penetrates his system, acts as an intense irritant on every nerve." Fuji, at first sight "exquisite" but "a little tedious in its consummate regularity," at last provokes the exclamation "How unfortunate are the Japanese in their great mountain!" How inferior to Etna! Indeed a deep consciousness of Western superiority tinges all Mr. Quennell's impressions. The enchanting early statues at Nara receive some qualified praise, but seem chiefly to have interested him as having some supposed far-off echo of Europe; "ripened travesties of Graeco-Roman sculpture, odd pilgrims from the Hellenistic world." Where is the relationship? I should have thought nothing more essentially unlike Graeco-Roman sculpture could be imagined. To China (where he had not to teach) Mr. Quennell is a little more sympathetic; he admires the "perfect cynicism" of Chinese life; but when he writes of the ceremonious existence of the Chinese emperor "as remote from life as the monarch of a playing card" I cannot help wondering if his own view of the Chinese is not equally external and distant. He seems convinced that neither China nor Japan has anything to say to the West, just as there are Orientals who are convinced that Europe has nothing to say to the East. But this is not quite the same, in spite of the publishers' "blurb," as being a "good European."

But I dwell too long on the critical side of the book, for to most readers this will be submerged in the charm of the descriptions. Mr. Quennell has an extraordinary gift for recording with subtlety and precision his feelings and sensations. The chapters on the Japanese stage are perhaps the best in the book. They betray some genuine enjoyment. Here is the dancer Kikugoro:

> His pendant sleeves, pliable and loose, long enough nearly to sweep the ground, are managed with consummate delicacy and rightness, a ghostly extension of the arm and hand that move them, as they flick over in a rapid glistening arc or droop and sway like foliage against the wind. Instead of a body which dances inside its trappings, here is a dancer whose voluminous clinging robes are the expression, the final triumph, of his virtuosity.

The whole book is prose of a continous fine texture, yet with no "fine writing" in it, and one ought not to detach passages from it; but I cannot resist quoting a few lines more. It is the Imperial carp at Peking.

> Some were a slippery silver-gilt, others a piebald red and silver. There were fish with warty scarlet crests, imitating the wattles of a turkey's throat, fishes in a lustreless leaf-brown and fishes in dead and sooty black. These last were particularly splendid. Imagine a group of opulent French *bourgeoises*, inconsolable yet voluptuous in widows' weeds. . . . They seemed to swim to the measures of the Dead March. . . . Many centuries of cultivation lay behind them, the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs of their breed, a queer comment on nature's elasticity and the Chinese passion for stretching it to the full and squeezing a strange beauty from horror and ugliness.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THIRTY YEARS OF FICTION

The Popular Novel in England, 1770-1800. By J. M. S. TOMPKINS. Constable. 12s. 6d.

If there is one way to bring home to us the possible extravagances or limitations of our taste in fiction, it is by the study of past preferences. Miss Tompkins, in selecting the last thirty years of the eighteenth century as her field of research, may have been moved by two considerations. First, it is the earliest period in which the novel exists as a commercial article, quickly produced and widely circulated; secondly, it is a field in which impermanent shrubs can be scrutinised the more easily in default of solider and more lasting growths. Four trees cast their shadows across a part of it. Richardson, Fielding, Sterne and Smollett, each striking out his own original line, provide between them so excellent a choice of models that the lesser writer of the 'seventies may easily find variety without having recourse to individual effort. Books turned out to pattern are dreary enough to contemplate in the bulk in later years. From this point of view Miss Tompkins's task has been heroic; she has insisted on carrying out a serious piece of research when the temptation to chuckle over absurdity might easily have defeated her impartial purpose. A disinterested or cosmic view reduces drama to light comedy, but ridicule is the biased attitude of an age with antithetical aims and pleasures.

Miss Tompkins, for example, relegates to a footnote that exquisite illustration, in *The Precipitate Choice*, of the difficulties attendant on the epistolary novel. "Oh! my lord, what have I done! My wife, my adored wife, my Isabella, lies murdered by my side, murdered by me. No, she is not yet dead. She grasps my hand. . . ." We can find efforts to produce immediacy at the present day that are no worthier than this; only the letter form is condemned by popular prejudice as strongly as it was favoured when Richardson dictated fashion and when even so relatively important an author as Fanny Burney took her cue from him.

Besides the Clarissa school there is the country gusto after Fielding. His sincerest followers are Richard Graves and John Chater, whose *History of Tom Rigby* makes so moral and sensational a play with the favourite theme of incest. The picaresque (see Smollett) becomes a sack for the loose incidents, reflections or informative passages of authors who cared nothing for unity of form. And finally Yorick's vulgar sentimental backwash must answer for that painful novel of sensibility which makes the sturdiest hero weep over a dead dog. Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* is a trout here amongst trembling minnows. In this atmosphere of tears and delicacy and refined emotions the woman's novel creeps in easily, possessing sometimes, as in Charlotte Smith and Clara Reeve, a certain merit. Women novelists are many but apologetic, their virtue being diffidence and their excuse—when realism peeps through sentiment in a preface—starving relatives.

But when all is said, the howling of harsh winds round desolate castles and the skeleton's grim hand outdo all other tendencies. In Mrs. Radcliffe, heir of Walpole's *Otranto* and Macpherson's Ossianic spectres, the period has its main interpreter. To explain this passion for "wild and horrible grandeur," as Dr. Nathan Drake in *Literary Hours* approvingly expressed it, one must trace a reaction from the cold Augustan age to a freer and less

classic field of fancy. The movement, appearing first as a revolt, swings rapidly across reality to this Gothic region of strange light and shadows where neither logical sequence nor similitude of life intrude to disturb the faint, cold fear that thrills through the reader's veins. Stereotyped horror sounds like a contradiction in terms. Actually it compares well enough with our modern cult of corpses in the library. In both cases the initial significance of the theme is comfortably debased to serve as a useful ingredient; and as long as we are studying fiction in the mass, ingredients rather than surprises will be found. We live nowadays prosaically on murders; to the 1790's, draped more intriguingly with deluding cobwebs, "ghosts," as Miss Tompkins wittily remarks, "were a felt want." The unavoidable inversion of cause and effect was bound to follow: "If, when the Spirit of God passed before the face of Job, the hairs of his flesh stood up, might one not, ran the argument, by raising the hair induce the vision?"

Our detective fiction has one advantage over this literature of terror, in that it yields less readily to burlesque. It is the offshoot of a disillusioned period in novel-writing, typified by a mundane realism that these earlier "sensitive" novelists would find coarse. The object already resting on the ground can hardly be knocked over. But the Gothic castle with its cloud foundation lends itself, no less than does the novel of sensibility, to ridicule by its quality of romance. Miss Tompkins carefully distinguishes the word in this connection from its more dignified meaning. Romance here implies delusion, lack of balance, a heightened grandeur and sensationalism that are incompatible with actual life. The critics were not blind to its extravagance. (Miss Tompkins might with advantage have included more contemporary reviews.) Jane Austen, before *Northanger Abbey* lightened the Gothic darkness with a shaft of ridicule, laughed at the sensitive heroine in her very juvenilia, with her "What could we do? We fainted on the sofa."

Change in popular fiction can be detected before the century closes. Where Mrs. Radcliffe deals in physical revelations, Holcroft and Godwin juggle with sensational mental states, guided by moral philosophy and the itch for propaganda. A figure with some claims on our memory is Elizabeth Inchbald, whose *Simple Story* is evolved mainly in dramatic form. But Miss Tompkins has made no alarming discovery of neglected genius. She has produced a well-arranged and animated study of ephemeral activity and taste. It may, by analogy, induce a certain depression; but which of us honestly believes or hopes that the brilliant novelists arising week by week are all marked down for personal immortality?

SYLVA NORMAN.

PEACEMAKING AFTER WATERLOO

The Peacemakers, 1814-1815. By J. G. LOCKHART. Duckworth. 16s. net.

This is a favourable example of the art of seasoned and peppered biography. It is a book made out of other books; and one may doubt whether its author bestowed five minutes on anything that could be called original research. Yet it is capably done; and though written in a style too much recalling one of the late Mr. J. P. Sousa's brass bands, it embodies a good deal of sober thinking and sound judgment. Mr. Lockhart's debts to recent British historians like Prof. C. K. Webster and Prof. Temperley are sufficiently obvious. But one notes that the list of authorities printed at the end of his volume does not include any in the German language, and nothing much since Thiers in French.

He began, it seems, with the idea of comparing the men and policies responsible for the Treaty of Vienna with those which brought about the Treaty of Versailles. His first two chapters, discussing the Congress of Vienna generally, are partly spiced, and not always improved, by parallels and contrasts of this sort. But he did not take long to discover that, however enlivening it may appear to pair off, say, the Tsar Alexander I with President Wilson, the more one presses such a comparison, the less real illumination it will be found to yield. So he dropped that method, and instead produced seven separate biographical portraits, each rendering its subject on his own merits. The seven men portrayed are Talleyrand, Metternich, Alexander I, the younger Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, and Wilberforce.

The list shows that he is not tying himself at all rigidly to the Congress, or even to the Congress year. Pitt had been nine years dead when the diplomats assembled. Canning was temporarily out in the wilderness. Wilberforce never held office. Anyone surveying the work of Vienna with a European eye would have given space instead to Hardenberg and Nesselrode, and perhaps to the Prince of Orange. But Mr. Lockhart's is rather a British eye; and so he brings in his three extra Englishmen—Pitt, as the precursor and master of them all; Canning, because he "represented the alternative to Castlereagh," and did, in fact, take the lead in undoing Vienna's work; and Wilberforce, because one of the most durable details in that work happened to be the abolition of the slave trade in European ships.

All the portraits are painted in high tones, and are very readable in the popular sense. Mr. Lockhart is most successful, where he most evidently sympathises with his subjects, and notably in his studies of Talleyrand and Pitt. He is least so in his picture of Metternich, by whom he seems repelled to the point of unfairness. In dealing with Castlereagh and Canning he gives a concentrated and flavoured extract from Professors Webster and Temperley, without adding anything of much material value. Similarly for Wilberforce (whom he greatly admires, but rather imperfectly understands) he has leaned a good deal on Professor Coupland. One gets a little tired, as one proceeds, with the prominence of personal gossip, and also with the unending high lights. On one page Castlereagh is called "Pitt's greatest pupil"; on another Canning is "Pitt's most brilliant pupil." Is any real distinction intended here, or was it merely a case of splashing each portrait with superlatives in turn? Mr. Lockhart can, in all the circumstances, scarcely complain of a reader who suspects the latter; and he might with profit recall an acid maxim of his own pet aversion, Metternich—that "the superlative is the mark of fools."

Yet, as has been said, there is good judgment here behind his cymbal-clashing. His estimate of Pitt—a character complex despite its outward simplicity—is one of the justest yet attempted. Again, on pp. 52–53 his summary of the pros and cons of the Vienna settlement is an admirably succinct and well-balanced piece of work. True, it leaves the peacemakers with little enough to their credit; but no one who is not blinded into admiring Vienna by dislike of Versailles can well escape that conclusion. Even the chief virtue, which some find in the Vienna Treaty—that it refrained from penalising or muzzling France—was really far more due to the mutual jealousies of the Allies than to any generosity or foresight. And if, nevertheless, France did not in the century after Waterloo over-tip the European balance as she had in the two centuries before it, this was due to a factor, on which neither Castlereagh nor Wellington can conceivably have reckoned. In 1700 France had a population exceeding those of England, Prussia, and Austria combined. In 1815 her numerical advantage over each of them separately was less enormous, but was still very great. From then onwards she lost it rapidly; and in that circumstance (too little remembered in this connection) lies the main cause of such stability as the balance struck at Vienna came to possess.

R. C. K. ENSOR.

POPULAR THEATRE

The Plays of W. Somerset Maugham: Volumes 3 and 4. Heinemann. 5s. each.

Four Comedies. By SERAFIN and JOAQUIN A. QUINTERO. Translated by HELEN and HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d.

"Modern" plays age with a devastating rapidity. Of these now reprinted by Mr. Maugham, those in the one volume belong to the years 1915 and 1918; he does not give us the dates of *The Circle*, *The Constant Wife* and *The Breadwinner*, but they all, presumably, belong to the last decade, though *The Constant Wife* might as well be of the 'nineties, when our dramatists were busy imitating Ibsen, and by leaving out the "provinciality" of the great Scandinavian left out also his unerring hold on human nature: there is always more chance of reality in Balham than in Brioni. The plays by the brothers Quintero, translated with the greatest felicity by Mr. and Mrs. Granville-Barker, are dated 1904, 1905, 1908 and 1909, and one is unconscious of any out-of-dateness in them. They are provincial, they are nearer poetry than prose, and as they deal with men and women rather than fashion and manners, they are as alive to-day as when they were written. Mr. Maugham is clever enough, and generally a master in the art of forwarding the drama by dialogue; but nearly all his plays, even that admirable farce, *Home and Beauty*, have a fatal flaw. He has no interest, as a playwright, in the lives of

his people off the stage. They are theatrical figures invented to illustrate theatrical problems; they could not be, at their best, other than they are. The pattern of their lives is from the first predetermined by the dramatist, and this is never so true as when he invents an unusually cynical pattern, as in *The Constant Wife*. If he had had the courage to give that play a sentimental or imaginative ending, it might have been a masterpiece; but he has not the strength for that. His people are so true to character that they have no character: they are never allowed to speak artificially, and so they never say anything, for it is in uncharacteristic remarks that truth and reality are shown. They do not reveal or betray themselves: they only expose themselves, and that again is fatal to true comedy. Martha, for instance, the sister of Constance, the Constant Wife, is so terribly persistent in her pose of candour that she never deceives us or her friends or herself: all her remarks are essentially the same remark. Mr. Maugham is so determined to make no mistake in his supremely able theatrical contrivance that his people also make no mistakes, and so neither he nor they make anything, except a pleasantly cynical entertainment. In its way this can be delightful enough; but his choice of worlds, the world of Chanel and Coty (if Coty be the fashionable scent-maker) gives his plays the triviality he wishes to give his characters; for he himself seems captured by these conventions; and so when Constance is arguing seriously for her right to adultery, and her husband's right to his infidelity, she slips into an idle and tiresome nonsense that leaves out of account all the normal passions of men and women, except an indifferent kindness. This same fault ruins *The Breadwinner*, *Our Betters* and *The Unattainable*. *Our Betters* is amusing for its picture of an American man who may be contrasted with the American girl in Wilde's play: but in spite of his more modern furniture, how deft and dead seem Mr. Maugham's histrionics beside Wilde's genuine, though over-rhetorical, heroics. *The Circle* is the best play in these two volumes, because it keeps more definitely to the region of artifice where Mr. Maugham's comedies have a real if slender claim to our attention.

Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero have in their plays the great quality that is the privilege of the great Latin actors: an immediate, quick-pulsed, hot-blooded humanity. These are not great plays, as Ibsen's plays are great; but they have life. Not a character of importance, not even in *Don Abel Wrote a Tragedy*, is quite the same to us when the curtain falls as when it rose. They have developed, if not in themselves, at least to the audience: without explanation, or exhibition, or betrayal these people reveal themselves to us. One at least of the plays—*Doña Clarines*—is of its kind a little masterpiece; and one longs to see it on the English stage with an actress of genius, such as Florence Kahn, in the title-rôle. Beyond praise are the gentleness, the ruthless subtlety with which the authors gradually allow Doña Clarines—the "mad" woman—to transform herself for us, to become what she really is, in spite of the efforts of rogues and nitwits to misrepresent her. The Quinteros have a rare power of showing, through their characters, not only their lives, their fears and disappointments and aspirations, but the whole life of the village or town which is the background of these people's existence. Even the gay and slight farce, *Peace and Quiet*, has in it a solidity, a stability, which make most English comedies seem a very trivial arrangement of tea-things, or a tiresome shaking of cocktails and cuckoldry. *Don Abel* is a tragi-comedy of the civil service and the theatre, while *Love Passes By* is an almost tragic idyll of a little Andalusian town, where no men come, and the men who live there are scallywags, and the young girls languish and long and are faded. We are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Granville-Barker for translating these exquisite, vivid, lively plays: and our gratitude would be increased manifold if Mr. Granville-Barker would visit London, and produce for us, at any rate, *Doña Clarines*.

A NEW EARTH

The Recording Angel. By J. A. HOBSON. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

This brief, engaging book gives an account of the Centennial Report upon the conditions of our Earth, recently made at the Office of the Recording Angel. A Messenger Angel presents the report; but the Recording Angel himself has so many questions to ask, and observations to make, that the result is a dialogue rather than a monologue.

The first point that the reader notices with interest is that these angels are acute and scornful when describing the unseemly condition of the Earth, but vague when it comes to discussing possible improvements. In this event, a mere man may be excused for wondering how far their scorn is justified. "Can it be true . . ." asks the Recording Angel, "that this planet of which you speak may be the lunatic asylum of the Universe?" And the Messenger answers, "I fear that is a too benevolent interpretation of the situation." Yet one wonders whether the two of them together could reform anything more complicated than a county council. As analysts of the present woe, however, they are a brilliant pair, and the more people who read what they have to say the better. They do not underestimate the wiles of the ancient Adversary. "Capital he perverted into Capitalism, Nationality into Nationalism, and the sting in this tail was poisonous." And it is he who has frustrated all the good in Democracy, by separating political equality from economic and social equality, and who has led man to

> that infatuation which values civility and politeness above robust simplicity. The history of man may be summarised as the record of his various attempts to better himself by this process of self-destruction. From polis to megapolis, from megapolis to necropolis—such has been the story of countless civilisations.

The Messenger has grasped the new and special cause of the present breakdown, namely, the great increase in production accompanied by no comparable increase in consumption. With angelic sarcasm, he describes the attempt of the rich to save the money which they are unable to spend "by buying more machines and working them so rapidly to enlarge the supply of goods which they refuse to buy and which the workers cannot buy." Only in one respect does the power of observation fail this Messenger: he reiterates that the tendency of the age is toward closer economic intercourse, and that there is little genuine belief, anywhere, in economic self-sufficiency. This suggests that even in Heaven the wish may be father to the thought—for surely an increase in economic nationalism is the order of the day (and of the morrow) throughout the West?

When they turn to the problem of what can be done for all our maladies, the angels are not at their best. They assume, probably with wisdom, that neither tariffs, money reforms, remissions of debts, nor disarmament, will touch the heart of the problem. "Only by a more equitable distribution of the product," they state, "can consumption keep pace with production." And again, "Only by bringing reason and goodwill into a planned world-economy can security and prosperity be won." These are fine phrases; yet they are discouragingly reminiscent of that British statesman whom Mr. Wyndham Lewis recently described as an "old pig-fancying 'Kulak.'" If even the angels are addicted to perorations, that must, for the godly, put a new terror in death. HERBERT AGAR.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

Kamet Conquered. By F. S. SMYTHE. Gollancz. 16s.

The courage and directed daring of Mr. Smythe's attack on the Himalaya cannot be over-estimated; and his account of the second expedition, following on the splendid adventure of Kanchenjunga, will be eagerly read by those who delight, from an armchair, to admire feats which they would never dream of attempting to imitate. It would be a pity, however, if sincere admiration for Mr. Smythe's bold and persistent continuance in so hazardous a task were to lead to an exaggerated estimate of the quality of his book. His book is too long. Its ordinarily pedestrian and commonplace style is relieved by rather too consciously written purple patches—as if Lord Curzon had written insertions in an under-secretary's report. Too often we have expressions such as "Another factor to be taken into account was the danger of avalanches," or "the problem boiled down to this," or "for a while impatience predominated, but the brain, realising its futility, presently rejected it." There is nothing inadequate in Mr. Smythe's style; but it is absurd to write about his book as if it were in the same class as Doughty's masterpiece, or even Palgrave's great work.

Still, his is a refreshing and exceptionally readable travel-book—incidentally it is difficult to understand why it was not preferred to *Golden Horn* as a "book of the month"—and Mr. Smythe's modesty and accuracy are of the greatest service in leaving the reader free to admire the magnitude of his and his companions' achievement. That achievement was to climb,

under conditions of arduous and heart-breaking difficulty, the 25,000-odd feet which are Mount Kamet. His interest is not solely in the danger and the mountaineering. Few books about climbing have so much of human interest as this, and when Mr. Smythe dilates on the flora of the amazing country he is describing, he can rival Miss Ruth Draper's garden-displaying Englishwomen:

> Here I found *Primula denticulata* again, and on sunny, drier spots the first few plants of a species I was to see later in prodigal abundance—*Iris kamamensis*. *Anemone narcissiflora*, probably the variety known as *tetrasepala*, was just beginning to unfurl its silken chalices. There was a handsome thing like a silky-leaved broad bean with deep maroon flowers, called *Thermopsis barbata*. There first I saw the lovely silver and golden *Potentilla argyrophylla*, with its deep crimson variety, and a form of the shrubby *Potentila fruticosa*; there also I found the lovely gentian-blue *Corydalis Kashmeriana*, which I did not know was a bulb, or I should certainly have collected it. . . .

And so on with an enthusiasm that is magnificently symptomatic of the English ability to carry a hobby into the most unlikely places.

The parts of the book which are, except to those who are never tired of reading about snow, avalanches and climbing, by far the most exciting are those which tell of the adventurers' experiences with the people of the country. We should like to hear more of Badrinath and its Rawal; Mr. Smythe quotes in full the delightful address presented to the expedition by that town, which claims the high title of "the premier shrine of India." Not the least charm of a fascinating record is the tribute which Mr. Smythe pays so wholeheartedly to his Indian and Tibetan assistants. The account of the actual conquest of Kamet must be quoted:

> There must be no mistake now. On the slope below we had been mere automatons—toiling atoms incapable almost of reasoned and coherent thought—but now we were thinking men again, capable of realising our amazing position on the snowy edge of the world. The numbed brain leapt into renewed activity. The summit was almost within our grasp; surely it could not escape us now? We gained the point and gazed over and beyond it. At our feet the ridge sank down to a shallow gap. Beyond the gap it merged gently into a small cone of snow—the summit! We seized hold of Lewa and shoved him on in front of us. As I clutched hold of him I could hear the breath jerking from him in wheezy gasps. I do not think he quite understood what we were doing. And so he was first to tread the summit. It was the least compliment we could pay to those splendid men, our porters, to whom we owed the success of the expedition.

The book is admirably produced, with forty-eight illustrations from photographs.

AMERICAN INTERSTATE LAW

The Interstate Commerce Commission: A Study in Administrative Law and Procedure. By I. L. SHARFMAN. Part One, THE LEGISLATIVE BASIS OF THE COMMISSION'S AUTHORITY. 17s. 6d. Part Two, THE SCOPE OF THE COMMISSION'S JURISDICTION. 22s. 6d. Allen & Unwin.

The great American commission is the oldest, and the most respected, of the administrative bodies which have grown up outside the usual governmental instruments of the American system. Combining in itself the three carefully separated powers of making, enforcing and judging its own laws, it is worthy of close study, and it has found in Professor Sharfman an industrious and objective historian.

If the Interstate Commerce Commission defies the most sacred canons of American constitutional practice in its operation, its very existence is a denial of the premises of that rugged individualism which is the verbal creed of Americans. Free and unbridled competition in transport had produced an impossible situation. No incantations to the manes of private enterprise could persuade any but the most scholastically minded that the system which made possible the career of Jay Gould or the reduction of the Union Pacific to "two streaks of rust and a right of way" should be tolerated any longer. The economic life of great states was at the mercy of business men who were pupils of Reginald Front de Boeuf; individually, their victims were helpless; collectively they could do something as states. Ingenious lawyers found a way round the constitutions, and *Munn v. Illinois* saved the day for public regulation. The *Wabash* decision destroyed the autonomy of the states, forced the union into the field, and brought about the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1887. The Supreme Court, for the first twenty years of the Commission's life, reduced it to a mere evidence collecting body, but Congress came to the rescue and to-day the I.C.C. has all, or practically all, the legal powers it needs. It has advanced from mere regulation to constructive control, perhaps too slowly, perhaps without a sufficient degree of foresight, but since the "Transportation Act" of 1920 it has been entrusted with the task of giving the United States an efficient transportation system.

To anyone familiar with American judicial practice, the self-restraint of the courts has been remarkable. The short-lived Commerce Court attempted to revive old ideas of judicial control, but it was snubbed by the Supreme Court and abolished by Congress. The Supreme Court has trusted administrative discretion very generously, has even, as Professor Sharfman argues with much force, "leaned over backwards" in the "negative orders" case, and, except in the regrettable *O'Fallon* case, has usually left the Commission to do its own job in its own way. It has allowed the Commission to invade the domain of state regulation almost at will, and both the courts and Congress have gone on the principle that the railway question is too important for the scholasticism of judicial review.

For the lawyer, the interest of these volumes lies in their exposition of the technique of administrative law, in their aptly chosen illustrations of its flexibility and realism. For the student of politics, their value is different, although not less. The American railways were returned to private ownership and operation in 1920; the abandonment of federal control was welcomed as a return to "normalcy" and to the economics of private enterprise. Yet what is meant by private enterprise in modern conditions? The I.C.C. makes rates and classifications, enforces co-operation or competition as it thinks fit. It controls the disposal of surplus revenue above the undefined "fair return," and that return is earned under regulations which prescribe what services must be given and what may be refused, what may be charged and what money may be borrowed. If this is private enterprise, make the most of it! Nor is there any sign that the tide will turn. Even that incarnation of American business tradition, Mr. Hoover, is more

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inclined to bring political pressure to bear on the Commission than not, a bad habit he learned in the administration of the apostle of "normalcy," Mr. Harding. It is, indeed, arguable that the American railroads are making the worst of both worlds; that out and out nationalisation as a public-service corporation would be better, but Americans are more ready to swallow facts than words. The other possibility, an abandonment of control, a return to the principles of "the 'sixties," is only conceivable to those blessed with historical ignorance or fact-proof theories.

THE HEYDAY OF FREE TRADE

An Economic History of Modern Britain. Volume II. Free Trade and Steel, 1850–1886. By J. H. CLAPHAM. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

Professor Clapham in this massive volume presents the world with the second instalment of his Economic History of Modern Britain. In his first volume he carried the record up to 1850; and he now deals with the thirty-six years between 1850 and 1886. His previous volume bore the sub-title *The Early Railway Age*; and for this one he uses the caption *Free Trade and Steel*. He was in fact describing in Volume I. the economic changes which brought Great Britain to the industrial leadership of the world; and he is now going on to describe the decades during which that leadership remained without serious challenge, and the discovery of the new processes of steel-making brought about a second Industrial Revolution as far-reaching in its ultimate consequences as that of the eighteenth century.

Professor Clapham is of the order of historians who believe in building up a case by a tremendous marshalling of facts. His reading is extraordinarily wide, and his patience inexhaustible. This makes his history invaluable as a work of reference and as a source of bibliographical information. But the method has its perils; for amid so much detail it is often difficult to convey to the reader the right degree of emphasis, or to make the truly significant developments stand out with sufficient clarity. The wealth of information on which Professor Clapham draws is, of course, so vast that he has to select; but it is questionable whether he selects enough, and often the reader sighs for rather more generalisation as a clue to the labyrinth.

There are, moreover, serious errors of proportion in the book. The method of arrangement, by which the subjects are dealt with sectionally in turn rather than in chronological order, serves to obscure changes which took place in the underlying economic conditions between 1850 and 1886. The social, as distinct from the industrial, history of the period is inadequately dealt with. There is no sufficient discussion of the growth of working-class movements; and the account of the developments in industrial organisation, excellent on the technical side, is strangely weaker in its handling of such major questions as the spread of limited liability. On the other hand, the account of fiscal policy is excellent; and Professor Clapham has made good use of the available sources of information concerning the growth of overseas investment and the spread of industrialism over the world. His second volume is necessarily far more international than his first; and there is an excellent discussion of the development of the London money market in its international aspects.

Indeed, the book, taken as a whole, is so outstanding an achievement of scholarship and patience that it seems ungracious to offer even such criticisms as can legitimately be made. No student of Economic History can possibly afford to miss what Professor Clapham has written, and every such student will be aboundingly grateful to him for this monumental and reliable work of reference. Professor Clapham is eminently an author to steal from; and composers, popularisers and lecturers will be the more thankful to him because his way is to gather as many relevant facts as he can, and then leave them to speak for themselves. That this method makes his work, well written as it is, stiff to read may limit his sales, but will probably even gratify his academic conscience. For Professor Clapham is an unromantic historian, and he has the qualities of his lack of romanticism for good as well as for evil. The period with which he deals in this volume is of vital importance for the understanding of modern Britain and of Britain's place in the modern world; and assuredly no other man could have written its history with anything like the same learning and austerity.

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Sir Charles Petrie's book is written from the point of view of one who deplores the Revolution and who speculates freely as to the effects of its avoidance on social and political stability in our subsequent history. Whig prejudice being nowadays somewhat at a discount, he is able to trace the failure of the Stuart cause without undue protest. Further, in this era of fallen dynasties the struggle to restore any royal family to any kingdom is apt to be regarded with calm. Sir Charles has written an entertaining and reasonably impartial account of Jacobite leadership, for it is this which occupies most of its pages rather than the story of followers whose fortunes and honour were inextricably bound up with Jacobite allegiance. Otherwise, several points might have been noticed, such as the dilemma of certain Catholic families after the Vatican repudiation of Charles Edward. How near Jacobite hopes ever came to realisation is a difficult question to decide. Few will agree with the author as to the four occasions when, he submits, the chances were so good that only mismanagement at the last moment ruined them.

Trout Flies: A Discussion and a Dictionary. By A. COURTNEY WILLIAMS. Black. 21s.

The Art of Coarse Fishing. By J. H. R. BAZLEY. Witherby. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Courtney Williams's book is of great practical value, for the dictionary deals with all the more famous artificial flies, general and local, and with the natural flies which many of them set out to imitate. Mr. Williams discusses this imitation, its values and its snares, and has much that is useful to tell us of the beetles which, often despised, have none the less a strong claim upon the fly-fisher's regard. The introductory notes are full of interest, particularly those that deal with flies and other lure from the trout's point of view, and with the many curious anomalies of which every observant fly-fisher has experience. The flies illustrated in the six coloured plates are beautifully reproduced, and the plates in black and white are equally good in their way.

Mr. Bazley calls his work "a practical treatise on the sport and choice of tackle and water," and this sub-title is fully sustained by the text. In addition to a fund of useful knowledge clearly imparted, he has the useful gift of graphic description, and as he drops his bait almost into the mouth of an approaching chub he makes you feel something of the anxiety he himself felt. The book—which is well illustrated—covers the whole field of coarse fishing, and the notes on tackle, baits and the methods of using them are always to the point.

INDUSTRIAL SURVEYS

A series of industrial surveys of five areas in Great Britain has been planned by the Board of Trade. The Surveys describe the physical and industrial characteristics of each region and review their recent economic history, especially since 1924. The surveys have been prepared by the Economic Departments of the Universities in the areas concerned.

SOUTH WALES *by University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire.*

CONTENTS: Introduction, Coal Mining, Metal Industries, Transport, Other Industries, Industry in the Region in 1931, Agriculture, Surplus Labour and the Industrial Future. Appendices.
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S.W. OF SCOTLAND *by the University of Glasgow.*

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Royal 8vo, pp. 220, statistical tables and map.
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MERSEYSIDE *by the University of Liverpool.*

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Part II. General review, Detailed Study of Industrial Groups. (Shipping and Associated Industries, Distribution, Transport and General Service, Building and Associated Industries), Manufacturing Industries, The Field for Expansion, Surplus of Labour.
Royal 8vo, pp. 174, maps, diagrams, etc.
Price 2s. 6d. net, post free 2s. 9d.

LANCASHIRE AREA *by the University of Manchester.*

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N.E. COAST AREA *by Armstrong College University of Durham.*

The Report is contained in 56 pages. The remainder of the volume consists of a series of memoranda on the Coal Mining Industry, Iron and Steel, Engineering, Shipbuilding, Chemicals, Printing, Food, Drink and Tobacco, Transport, Distributive Trades, Labour, etc.
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The Monastic Craftsman. By R. E. SWARTWOUT. Heffer. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Swartwout's study is a long and well-documented argument exposing the legend that the monasteries had a practical monopoly of the art-crafts, notably architecture, and that to that end they maintained schools in which these arts were taught and cultivated; incidentally we have an inquiry into their services to art as they are recorded in contemporary documents. Mr. Swartwout demonstrates that many if not most of the monastic orders definitely frowned on art and would have been the last to cultivate it, and so far as architecture is concerned he proves that though there were monastic master-craftsmen, the majority of the master-masons who drew the plans and superintended the work of cathedral and monastery building were laymen, and that practically all the skilled workmen engaged on the work were lay craftsmen employed for that purpose, though the monks and lay-brothers often acted as labourers on the work.

Memory's Parade. By A. WALLIS MYERS. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

International tennis has been the major interest of Mr. Wallis Myers for a quarter of a century, but his memories are those of a journalist who enjoyed many agreeable adventures before he became absorbed in Wimbledon and the Davis Cup. Lawn-tennis gave Mr. Myers his opportunities of world travel. He has seen it played in four continents, and has known every fine player since the epoch of the Renshaws and Dohertys. It is interesting to note that, despite the immense developments of the game in the past thirty years, he brackets H. L. Doherty and Tilden as equal masters. Mr. Myers was one of the curiously varied group of writers who were recruited for service in defence of the war policy and of British war aims, mainly operating from Wellington House. His chapter on that enterprise, the first of its kind in England, might have been longer.

Life of Mendel. By HUGO ILTIS. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Although much of this study of Mendel is devoted to his famous researches into the principles of heredity its main attraction is the portrait it gives us of the man as he was known to his family and friends, and as he is revealed to us in his letters. With strong affections and simple tastes, forth-right and amiable, Mendel again and again shows keen and shrewd interest in the affairs of those near to him. We see him in his family relationships, and as the monk busy with his garden and his famous experiments, which only ceased when he became Abbot and discovered, apparently to his surprise, that the administrative duties of that office left him insufficient leisure for serious scientific study. The researches are described at sufficient length to give those unacquainted with them a true insight into their importance.

There is an idea about that a Big Bank is interested only in Big Business. Is that really the case? Surely, the wide variety of localities in which you can see branches of the Westminster Bank should alone be enough to dispel the notion. To all, a banking account supplies a background—a feeling of stability; and those who may have misgivings about opening one with 'so little' are invited to find that their hesitation may have been groundless

A leaflet outlining the many services offered by the Bank to its customers may be had on asking at the local branch

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About Motoring

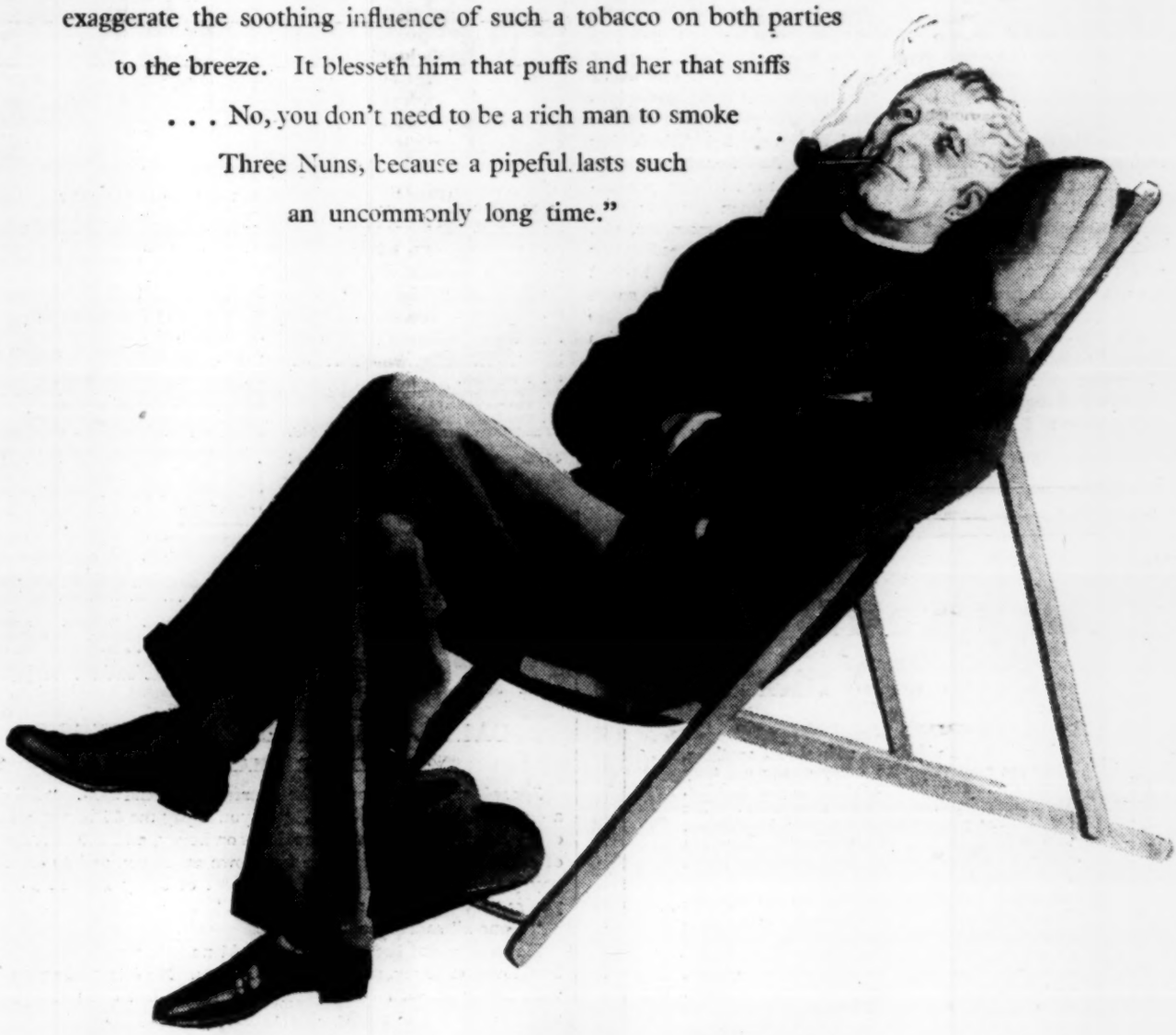
AND NEXT?

NO sane citizen can view without qualms the steady, progressive rise in motoring speeds and motoring casualties. No technical enthusiast can desire the motor car to stagnate. No democrat can accept a theory that while 100 m.p.h. cars may be sold over the counter to sportive plutocrats, the impecunious youth should be limited to 45 m.p.h. But citizenship, democracy, and engineering enthusiasms bubble into a welter of conflicting emotions when Mr. Cecil Kimber of the M.G. Car Co., at Abingdon-on-Thames, calmly proposes from now on to supply small 80 m.p.h. two-seaters to any licensed driver whose bank will foot a cheque for £199 10s., or who can persuade a financial syndicate to shoulder his easy payments of —is it £25 down, and the rest at so much per month? English law contains no proviso whatever to prevent such a car being bought by a youthful novice, who suffers from myopia, whose habits are bibulous, and who considers himself roadworthy after three or four lessons from a garage mechanic at the wheel of an elderly Cowley capable of 45 m.p.h. downhill. Mr. Kimber is in no sense responsible for British law. He is merely extending a process which was in full swing before he began to coax incredible pace out of jampot engines. The special Wolseley Hornet and other inexpensive small cars were capable of 70 m.p.h. before he produced his latest M.G. Midget. But our law-makers will presently be forced to sit up and take notice. It was never very wise to regard a bank balance as the sole indispensable qualification for the ownership of a death-dealing projectile. But, as long as we had to pay £1,000 or over for the projectile, the percentage of motorists who drove excessively rapid cars remained satisfactorily small. The atmosphere was that suggested by Mr. W. O. Bentley, who took me out on his latest eight-litre car, and confessed that he had built it because he wanted a vehicle which could "cruise at seventy." By "cruise" he meant that it should loaf along comfortably without fussing itself or making any noise, and still be able to leap forward on demand, as a greyhound accelerates when it sights a rabbit. But the big Bentley was priced at well over £2,000, and so it did not cram the roads with untrustworthy persons "cruising at seventy." This new Midget costs less than £200, a sum which most people in the motoring stratum of the populace can well afford; and when second-hand samples become available they will ultimately sell down to £50 or so; and the entire motoring population will then be able to "cruise" at seventy. Moreover, Mr. Kimber's rivals will bring out super-Hornets and Monza-type baby Austins, and so on, and so forth, all capable first of 90, and then of 100; and the hymn "Oh, Paradise, oh Paradise" (now regarded as mawkish and sentimental in the best churches) must unquestionably come to be sung four times at every Sunday service.

Having disburthened the qualms which Mr. Kimber's astounding announcement stirs in my breast, the actual car deserves attention. The 850 c.c. engine is not supercharged, and derives its efficiency largely from excellent head and port design. The exhaust is on the left, a couple of S.U. carburettors being mounted on the right, and all the gas passages afford short and easy flow. Aluminium three-ring pistons are mounted on steel connecting rods, and special pains are taken to ensure good cooling of both oil and water. A special external water manifold runs along the outside of the cylinder head, and the engine will stand sustained speed or Alpine climbs without any tendency to boil. All bearings are fed with oil by pressure, and a ribbed electron sump, holding a gallon, exposes the maximum area to the air, and is planned to act as a pseudo oil radiator; owners should keep it as clean externally as possible, as a crust of mud and oil interferes with its efficiency. The compression ratio is not published, but is not too high to permit the car to be driven on top gear at a shade under 10 m.p.h. with the spark retarded, though such treatment is not recommended. On such fuels as ethyl or benzole mixture the car registers about 35 miles to the gallon. It will function quite well on ordinary petrol, but its owners would normally elect to use one of the non-pinking fuels. The performance is surprising through the entire range. It has a speed of 80 miles an hour on top, 35 on second gear and 60 on third, whilst 60 may be regarded as a comfortable cruising speed on top, which still leaves quite satisfactory acceleration in hand. Hill-climbing on the lower gears is naturally terrific. The ratios of the four-speed gear box are 5.37, 7.31, 11.5, and 19.25.

A puff to still a breeze

"As an antidote to the common domestic breeze," said the Vicar, "I usually recommend a pipe of good tobacco—coupled, of course, with the name of Three Nuns. It would, indeed, be difficult to exaggerate the soothing influence of such a tobacco on both parties to the breeze. It blesseth him that puffs and her that sniffs . . . No, you don't need to be a rich man to smoke Three Nuns, because a pipeful lasts such an uncommonly long time."



THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut—1s. 2½d. an ounce

93

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The box is not of any of the modern silent types, but all gears are helical, and the third is respectably quiet. Incidentally, the engine is really well silenced, and at sedate speeds gives no aural hint of its actual naughtiness.

From a driver's point of view the car is as good as the small car of an idealist's dreams. Brakes are adequate to the speed. Their 9in. steel drums are too stiff to squeal, and are cooled by ribbed aluminium circlets shrunk into good contact. Their cables are furnished with greasing nipples—a rare and valuable refinement. The handbrake is of the racing type, and does not engage its pawl on the ratchet unless a trigger in the handle is operated. The suspension is good, though, as with all small cars, it is sensitive to the setting of the shock absorbers. Both at high and low speeds, as over good and bad going, the little car rides well. Its comfort is enhanced by sound body design, the reaches and angles being very carefully thought out, and the upholstery being just right, affording yield without being too squashy. The occupants sit well down in the open body, and the low screen can be folded flat down on the scuttle when the last ounce of speed is demanded. All controls are good, especially the gear change, which is admirably planned with a short, stiff lever coming automatically to hand. The hood goes right down into a roomy luggage compartment, which is always covered whether the hood is furled or erect. Several bodies are listed; including racing, sports tourer, and sports salonette. Additional equipment is specified at twelve guineas, the standard model being pardonably destitute of a few gadgets which speedmen love, such as electric clock, stone guard, bonnet strap, oil thermometer, etc. But the standard fittings include a large combined speedometer and revcounter. The electrical installation is of the 12-volt type, and feeds headlamps which permit some of the car's speed to be employed at night. The fuel tank holds sufficient for 400 miles, but there is only accommodation for one spare wheel, which is rigidly mounted on the tail. The looks of the car are quite as attractive as its paces.

Socially, I regret the appearance of the car; but, as an engineer and a driver, I can only greet it with enthusiasm.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Are you a 'YES' man? or a 'NO' man?

The Yes-folk will agree with almost anything. They are subservient to every strong will they encounter. They bow to mere weight of opinion. Their motto is, "Anything for a quiet life!" The No-folk are pugnaciously disposed to disagree with everything and with everybody. They are quick to contradict flatly. Their motto is, "I have a will of my own."

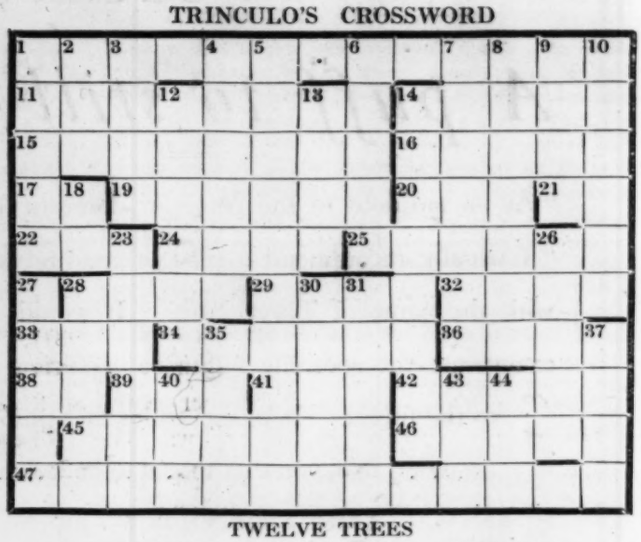
But between these extremes are the sensible fellows who are always open to conviction. True, they demand practical proof before expressing an opinion—but that is reasonable. In the "great little things" of daily life they are, of course, equally amenable to proof. Take, for instance, shaving. If it be asserted that there is a shaving cream unsurpassed in quality, in richness of lather, and in all the functions which a shaving cream is expected to perform, they will say, "Very well—let us try it. Experience will deny or confirm that claim."

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

So, we suggest that you send to the address below for a free trial tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. It will be sufficient for a week's shaving, and it will prove its own merit. Afterwards, you will purchase the large 1/6d. tube regularly from your chemist. A postcard to Euthymol, Dept.119P, 50, Beak Street, W.1—will start the sample tube on its journey to you.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



TWELVE TREES

ACROSS

1. The poet's bow was of [two words]
15. I include a fair Indian's song.
16. Mousquetaire.
17. Local talking-shop.
19. Throws cold water on.
20. Twister twisted.
22. Method of progress in 30 *rev.*
25. Result of boiler explosion.
28. I was brave, but he's gone.
29. Mountain lake.
32. Habitat of the allegory.
33 *rev.* Popular soup.
34. The ringer becomes a tailless monster.
36. A big hash.
38. The well-to-do have no church.
39. The reverse of ill.
41. That's not in my field.
42 and 26 *dn.* Served in New York with the celery.
45. Something between a sand-glass and a sundial.

DOWN

2. Here are piped songs for ever new.
3. Izaak's were not in pickle.
4. Shakespeare's verse is.
5. Newton's interests were mainly.
6. Easy to make sense of me.
7. Machine gun.
8. Her death is associated with 21 *ac* and 9 *dn.*
10. The poet's were arrows of
12. I'm squinting a little.
13. Mine were days of derring-do.
18. *See* 40.
26. *See* 42 *ac.*
30 *rev.* Game that vaguely suggests a battle.
35. Dante inspected my plural.
37. Humpty Dumpty's was a cravat.
40. Coveted by Midas after 18.
43. The smallest town possesses this.
44 *rev.* Mr. Hitler loses a small article.

The remaining clues are: 11 *ac. rev.*, 14 *ac.*, 24 *ac.*, 46 *ac.*, 47 *ac.*, 21 *ac.* with 9 *dn.*, 1 *dn.*, 14 *dn. rev.*, 23 *dn.*, 27 *dn.*, 28 *dn. rev.*, 31 *dn. rev.* These are the twelve trees.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. Flam. 5. codes. 8 *rev.* cave. 12. (f)ille(d). 13. cap. 15. dado. 16. lama. 17. Roman. 18. none *rev.* 19. thanklessness. 20. Rhaeto-Romanic. 32. atom (moat). 33 *rev.* inane. 34. cedi(lla). 35. tats. 36. pod. 39. (dies)irae. 40. ipse. 41. a-go. 42. Down. 43. o-meg-a. 47. ort *rev.* 48. Crete *rev.* 52. non-observance.

DOWN.—1. filtration. 2. Hall *rev.* 3. Alma (Crime-a). 4. mean. 5. cork. 6. dame. 7. sins. 8. Eden. 9. vane. 10. (par)ados. 11. conscience. 13. col(lops). 14. pas. 21. path(ology) *rev.* 22. stoa *rev.* 23. Esme *rev.* 24 ballet *rev.* 25. on. 26. ra (roan with 25 or 27). 27. on. 28. vermin *rev.* 29. acid. 30. Nero. 31. wadi *rev.* 36. pats. 37. ogre. 38. door. 44. mo. 45. en (nemo with 44). 46. go(ne). 49. ta. 50. en. 51. re (canter with 49 and 50).

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

5. BETTER THAN BOGEY

Spooph was going round the course at St. Andwich. "I'll do a deal with you," said Ooph. "If you'll pay me £5 in respect of every hole at which you're one down on bogey, and £10 in respect of every hole at which you're two down on bogey, and so on, I'll pay you £6, £12, and so on, in respect of every hole at which you're one, two or more up on bogey."

"Done!" said Spooph.

He went round the course in 73. At no hole was he more than two down on bogey, or better than two up. He was "all square" with bogey at each of the first three holes, but did not square another one till he reached the 11th. Ooph paid him £25.

What is bogey for the St. Andwich course?

Problem 3.—AT THE BROWNS' PARTY

The diners were seated as follows: Brown, Jones, Mrs. Smith, White, Mrs. Robinson, Smith, Mrs. Brown, Robinson, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. White.

This is *not* the same problem as one that I set at the beginning of the year, though the method of solution is similar. The starting point is the determination of Jones' position on Brown's immediate left.

Problem 2.—DOGS

Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to:

(1) Geoffrey H. Crispin, 111 Cross Oak Road, Berkhampstead.

(2) "M. J. P. V."

There were 187 correct solutions, as compared with 182 for Problem 1.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, August 23rd.

CALIBAN

The Fabian Society

Kingsway Hall LECTURES

Autumn, 1932

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, Holborn, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 20th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "Where Stands Socialism To-Day?" The dates, subjects and lectures arranged are as follows:—

I. Thursday, 20th October. "THE LESSON OF 1931."
Chairman: MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE.
Lecturer: PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI.

II. Thursday, 27th October. "PARLIAMENTARY INSTITUTIONS AND THE TRANSITION TO SOCIALISM."
Chairman: THE RT. HON. WEDGWOOD BENN.
Lecturer: THE HON. SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.

III. Thursday, 3rd November. "FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE TRANSITION."
Chairman: THE RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON, L.C.C.
Lecturer: MR. HUGH DALTON, D.Sc.

IV. Thursday, 10th November. "INDUSTRY IN THE TRANSITION TO SOCIALISM."
Chairman: MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE.
Lecturer: MR. A. L. ROWSE.

V. Thursday, 17th November. "FROM INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY TO CIVILISATION."
Chairman: MAJOR C. R. ATTLEE, M.P.
Lecturer: PROFESSOR C. DELISLE BURNS.

VI. Thursday, 24th November. "IN PRAISE OF GUY FAWKES."
Chairman: THE EARL OF LISTOWEL.
Lecturer: MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 10th, 1932, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls and front rows of gallery is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered upper gallery and back rows of stalls, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

LOW'S Famous Cartoons

The above sketch of Mr. H. G. Wells was the first of a series of 20 which appeared as Supplements to "The New Statesman." The plates have been destroyed and only a limited balance of stock is available. The sketches are printed on special paper, and the small reproduction above gives very little idea of the quality of the offset printing.

SUBJECTS:

1 Mr. H. G. WELLS	11 LORD BEAVERBROOK
2 Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD	12 Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN
3 Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT	13 Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC
4 LORD OXFORD	14 Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL
5 Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD	15 Mr. J. L. GARVIN
6 SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS	16 Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON
7 Mr. BERNARD SHAW	17 THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
8 Mr. LLOYD GEORGE	18 Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN
9 Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY	19 Mr. J. H. THOMAS
10 SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN	20 Mr. ROBERT LYND

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE CONVERSION SUCCESS—FUTURE OF WAR LOAN MARKET—GERMAN CREDIT—SHELL UNION

THE result of the War Loan conversion operation up to the end of July (the period carrying the title to the cash bonus of £1) far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the City. Only last week there had been very bearish rumours which I was quite at a loss to understand until I heard their origin attributed to a newspaper peer. The success of the conversion was never really in doubt, for the appeal to patriotism was made nearly two months ago when the New York markets were in the doldrums. If the appeal had been delayed a month, if the bonus period had coincided with the Wall Street boom and the slump in sterling, I doubt whether 88½ per cent. of the loan would have been converted. The Treasury and the Governor of the Bank of England are therefore to be congratulated on their market acumen, though the appeal to War Loan holders alone was lacking, I maintain, in a national sense of decency. A grand opportunity was missed, if deflation is really the Government's policy, of appealing to all holders of Government debt to take less interest (the 5 per cent. War Loan holders, I agree, being subject to a greater cut than the rest) as well as to holders of commercial or private debt. The Treasury must now fall back on the old policy of piecemeal conversion. Their next job is the £140½ millions of 4½ per cent. Treasury Bonds (subject to three months' notice) and the £114½ millions of 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds repayable next February, the first of which may be tackled simultaneously with the Treasury Bond issue to be made for the repayment of the non-assented 5 per cent. War Loan. If the redemption of only £48 millions of War Loan were applied for by the end of July, it would be surprising to find more than £100 millions left over for repayment on December 1st.

* * *

From the technical point of view of the market the conversion operation has been too successful. It would have made for a better market if the £2,086,977,258 War Loan had been split up into proportions of, say, 66⅔ per cent. and 33⅓ per cent. To have probably £1,900,000,000 in a 3½ per cent. "National" loan, in addition to £769,883,325 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan, makes an unwieldy mass of long-dated Government stock. Before Christmas is come the new 3½ per cent. "National" loan may be a difficult or reactionary market. Many patriots who converted have no intention of holding a semi-irredeemable security subject to all the fluctuations of the monetary world. Business houses, in particular, will want to keep their idle cash in a redeemable stock realisable at a more definite price on a moment's notice. The non-patriots or shrewd people who did not convert in July but sold their non-assented War Loan early in August and bought the assented at a profit of 3 to 3½ points (as against the bonus they missed of one point) will also be watching for an opportunity to get out of the long-dated market and seek profits in New York or other markets. The City Editor of the *Times* has been arguing that there is no reason why the gilt-edged market should not go on rising while equity shares are returning to favour. He referred to the steady appreciation which went on in British Government funds from 1893 to 1897 when Consols yielded only £2 8s. 8d. per cent., concurrent with a pronounced recovery in commercial and industrial shares. Historical parallels are useful chiefly for historians lacking in imagination. This cheap money period of the 'nineties was marked, as the *Times* says, by a scarcity of gold and a fall in commodity prices right up to 1897. But half the world is "off" the Gold Standard to-day and determined not to go back to it without some modification in its rules. More important, the United States of America, the greatest depository of gold, seems determined to raise the gold prices of commodities. And if gold prices are reflated, can Great Britain risk a slump in sterling and higher costs for its food and raw material imports? Surely we shall have to reflate sterling prices also if this campaign in America is successful. This forces me to take a cautionary view of the long-dated gilt-edged market, for a great speculation in commodities may develop next year.

* * *

This is not the place to discuss whether the strong men in the Nazi movement will drop Hitler and make a putsch on their own—they are in a pretty mess, seeing that without arms they are helpless, while with Hitler as their choice for the Chancellorship they make themselves ridiculous—but it may be instructive to consider what would have been the investment consequences of a German Government pledged to support the financial policy of the Nazi movement. As far as I could discover at the Brown House in Munich the Nazis have not thought out a financial policy but have very strong feelings about bankers. It is their conviction that the Allies forced Germany at the point of the bayonet not only to sign shameful treaties but to pay extortionate rates of interest on loans, that may make things uncomfortable for investors if ever they were returned to power. They have no intention, of course, of repudiating commercial debts, but they would propose a reduction in interest rates on short-term and long-term foreign loans. This would affect the 7 per cent. Dawes and 5½ per cent. Young loans as well as the State and municipal long-term debt and the short-term credits subject to the present "stand-still" agreement. As for interest rates on internal loans and mortgages, these would be cut by governmental decree. They have always recognised a distinction between the Dawes and Young loans—two-thirds of the latter having gone direct to Germany's political creditors—but they reserve their judgment on this somewhat complicated question. A more important point is that they refuse to recognise the Lausanne Agreement, so that a majority for it can hardly be secured in the Reichstag. This Agreement, while releasing Germany from all the financial obligations of the Young plan, did nothing "to diminish or vary the rights of the bondholders of the 1924 (Dawes) or 1930 (Young) loans." but expressly declared that "any necessary adaptation of the machinery" relating to these loan obligations "will be subject to mutual arrangement between the German Government and the trustees" of the loans. An opportunity would thus be presented to any Nazi or Nazi-controlled Government in power of reopening (not on legal but on national grounds) the whole question of what Germany can pay her foreign creditors by way of interest and amortisation. Her economic capacity to pay would be considered—"not the pocket-lining interests," as I have heard it said, "of foreign bankers." It is admitted that Hitler is completely ignorant and uninstructed on all financial and economic questions, but the Nazis have in mind Dr. Schacht, the ex-President of the Reichbank, as the expert who would work out their policy. I have no wish, in writing down the facts I was able to gather together in a short holiday in Munich, to frighten the holder of German Government loans, which have now enjoyed a fair recovery. I cannot visualise a Nazi Government without a putsch or revolution, which seems for the moment out of the question, but modern Germany is in the melting pot and something very nationalistic will emerge. Even a government above parties may find it expedient on political as well as economic grounds to cut down the present heavy interest bill on foreign debt.

* * *

In the Wall Street excitement Shell Union common shares rose from $6 to $12 (London terms). It would seem wise to exchange from the common into the 5½ per cent. preferred shares which have risen in the same period from $35 to $45 (New York terms). Neither common nor preferred shares are in receipt of dividends, but the preferred must get their dividend arrears from June 30, 1931, before the common receive a cent. It would require another crazy stock market boom to make the common shares double their present price, but it is quite likely that the preferred will do so in the normal course of an industrial recovery within the next two years. I would not minimise the recovery which the Shell Union has already made. It reduced its trading loss for the second quarter of 1932 to negligible proportions, the total loss for the first half of the year being $2.9 millions as compared with $20.9 millions in the corresponding half of 1930. The advance in American gasoline prices is probably enabling the company to earn its preferred share dividends on the present basis of operating expenditure. But it must be borne in mind that the cuts in drilling expenses, which are so large a part of the "savings," are an expenditure postponed, not saved, and that some of this will have to be made good before common share dividends are resumed. Meanwhile the consumption of gasoline in America, which was down by only 5.3 per cent. in the first six months of the year, is now showing a fall of 20 per cent. as compared with the corresponding period of 1931.

* * *

People who want the Stock Exchange to open on Saturday should remember that New York opening prices would not reach London until 3.15 p.m. There is only one good argument in favour of Saturday opening—the moral one of setting a good working example even when there is not much work to do.

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ALDWYCH. DIRTY WORK. Wed. & Fri.
H'DROME. OUT OF THE BOTTLE. W., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. EVENSONG. Wed., Sat.
ST. JAMES'S. BEHOLD, WE LIVE. Wed., Sat.

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RALPH LYNN in
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TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
Erik Charell's
CASANOVA.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.30.
W., Th. & S., 2.30. Julian Wylie's New Musical Comedy,
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Clifford Mollison, Frances Day, Debroy Somers Band.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4317.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
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BEHOLD, WE LIVE. By John Van Druten.
GERALD du MAURIER. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
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